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MEMORIES OF THE LATE WAR.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

By way of Preface to the following Volume of Poems, the Publishers have been permitted to quote the substance of the appeal made by Mr Bell in introducing Mr Reed's Compositions at his "Literary Evening," on 27th February, 1861.

"On the 26th of January 1859, Scotland was mourning and rejoicing in a clamour of sobs and cheers, and Scotchmen in every climate of the earth kept sympathetic holiday, while the admirers of genius in every land were gathered in social groups to do honour with the sons of Caledonia to Scotland's greatest Bard—the lowly born,—the heaven-endowed,—the poor, in life,—in death the magnificently honoured—Robert Burns." Mr Bell stated, that at his first "Literary Evening" after the Burns' Festival, he, in the course of his introductory remarks to one of the pieces, expressed a hope "that the sympathies of Scotland in her Bard of Nature, will not have found their only or their chief expression in the social feast, or even in the feast of intellect that so richly accompanied the creature-comforts of banquets and soirees; but that, now when the excitement of Festivals has passed, the practical good sense of the Country will not fail to commemorate the Poet in a more permanent manner, and

> Lay this tribute on his shrine—
> Reverence to the *gift* divine
> In humble *living* Bards,—in sign
> Of genuine love to Burns!"

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Animated by such sentiments, it was not without emotion that, on the 14th of January in this present year, (Mr Bell told his audience) he had received a letter from a Working-man, that he was sure would awaken sympathy in the breast of every lover of the Peasant Poet, and would, he trusted, "excite to an active recognition, ere it be too late, of a genius that has struggled with hard toil and poverty through the winters of three-score years, and has hitherto been baffled in all attempts to assert its claim to an entrance in the world of letters." His correspondent thus writes :—

"There has been, Sir, a strange incongruity betwixt "my every day life and the occupation of the leisure "hours that life has afforded. I have been, and am yet, "a most inveterate writer of verses, almost all of which "have appeared and disappeared with the periodicals in "which they were inserted. I believe I have contribu- "ted upwards of one hundred pieces to one newspaper "alone. Like most poetical dreamers, I do not say I "had no ulterior object, for the sustaining hope accom- "panied this indulgence of the rhyming propensity, that "some fortunate period would arrive, when a collected "volume might establish my claim to the name of poet, "and, perhaps, draw me from the outer verge of society, "where fate had placed me. Any attempts made to "realize this fanciful conception proved miserable abor- "tions. Every failure served to show me the humiliating "truth, that I was, at best, a literary vagrant, who never "could obtain a settlement in any Union. I had leapt "over the wall, and could not attain the celestial city "of poetical fame or reward. Nevertheless, I could not "abandon the seductive pursuit, and continued to amuse

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"and wile away the leisure time my rugged and hazard-
"ous occupation allowed; and, like the insect in the
"apologue, literally sung my life's summer away into a
"dreary and desolate unprovided-for winter. I am now
"sixty-two years of age, broken in health, and unfit to
"follow my usual dangerous trade; hence my present
"application to you."

With this letter were enclosed several pieces which, Mr Bell remarked, "gave evidence, not only of rhyming facility, but of poetic feeling and genius of a high order. I feel," said Mr Bell, "great satisfaction in being in a position to advance the wishes of my correspondent by a public introduction here, and allowing his Compositions to plead their own merits before an intellectual assemblage like the present—which will not, I am sure, let this gray head go down in sorrow to the grave for lack of sympathy and patronage. The extent of my demand is, that you subscribe for copies of our humble Poet's forthcoming volume, on which he rests his hope of enrolment with the Sons of Song, and which, without an adequate subscription list, he cannot publish, but must die as he has lived, unknown. Oh, hard lot! oh bitter death, to one whose soul, conscious of the seed of immortality, longs for after life! I plead with you by the love you bear to Burns,—by all the memories of his sad fate,—by the living glory of his fame,—by your national pride in his genius;—let not the aspirings of this toil-worn Poet be stifled in his agony of desire for fame!

"It is to me perfectly amazing that a cultivated mind could have been so held down by adverse fate, that its possessor has in old age to depend on the labour of his

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hands, in the hazardous occupation of a Journeyman Slater! Let this fact increase your sympathy and your admiration of what has been accomplished under such difficulties of fortune! No doubt the pursuits of literature have been in a great degree their own reward, and a safeguard against the coarser pleasures in which too many working-men abuse their leisure hours, and debase their nature; but, in the name of common sense, let us not only lecture the working-classes on their folly, but encourage them to do better, by fostering those among them who set a good example to their brethren, and by opening wide the pathways to distinction, when honest merit struggles to display the fruits of well-spent time. I trust that every person present, who can afford the amount, will, by subscribing, tell the working classes, that intellectual pursuits, and the self-denial they involve, need but to be known to be honoured and rewarded, wherever they are found."

The result of this appeal was a spontaneous subscription for nearly fifty copies of the volume; and since then, through the kind exertions of Mr Bell, and one or two other Friends, our Author has obtained a considerable number of Subscribers, though not so many as will cover the expense of printing and binding. The Publishers confidently anticipate that the above testimony to the general excellence of the Poems, will be amply borne out by a perusal of the various Pieces in the Volume, and that the result will be, a greatly increased subscription list from all the friends of intellectual effort and sympathizers with humble Genius.

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METRICAL

MEMORIES OF THE LATE WAR.

And other Poems.

BY JAMES REED.

EDINBURGH:
D. R. COLLIE & SON, 19 ST DAVID STREET.

1861.

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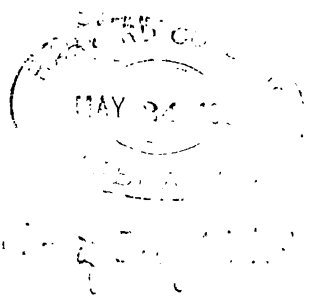

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THE FOLLOWING COMPOSITIONS

ARE RESPECTFULLY

Inscribed to

ALEXANDER MELVILLE BELL, ESQ.

F.R.S.S.A. &c. &c.

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION & VOCAL PHYSIOLOGY,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF GRATITUDE

FOR HIS PROMPT AND GENEROUS ASSISTANCE IN

FORWARDING THEIR PUBLICATION,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

JAMES REED.

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To A. M. BELL, Esq.

With feelings no expressions can portray,
No measur'd numbers truthfully convey,
No words can paint, or utterances sound,
I thank you, Sir, for prompt assistance found,
Like to a true friend's aid, when needed most,
Ere the last gleam of a life's hope was lost.
What polish'd rounded sentence can unfold
The gratitude the heart's recesses hold?
What pointed line, though musical its flow,
Disclose emotion's mute but ardent throe,
When through the drift and wrack of falling years,
At length a friendly hand to guide and help appears?
To you, Sir, whose rare fortune 'tis to explore
The classic regions of poetic lore,
And on the youthful mind implant, infuse,
The form, the fragrance, and the varied hues,—
The grand sublime, the beautiful and pure,
That consecrate our Country's literature,—
Much do I fear my untaught lays may seem
A rude and barren unsubstantial dream.
Yet, ranging from parterre to summer lea,
That errant, ceaseless alchymist the bee,
Though to the proud patrician rose he cleaves,
Draining the ambrosial essence from its leaves,
Still in the uncultur'd plebeian wild-weed meets
A modicum, at least, of fragrant sweets:
Even so, perchance, may your enlighten'd mind
In these untutor'd strains some beauty find,—
Some glow-worm ray, that dimly, faintly tells,
Here, though eclipsed, a germ poetic dwells.

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LEGENDS OF HISTORY.

I.

THE MASS DIRGE OF NORMAN LESLIE.*

Brave Henry's host was marching from the sacking of Cambray,
And, laden with its spoils, again pursued its homeward way,
'Till Renti's lofty ramparts their victorious progress stay'd,
And the banner of defiance on its highest tower display'd.
Then girdling round the city's bound their fiery cordon bent,
And sacker and hoarse culverin the startled welkin rent;
And the leader of that army, with bearing brave and high,
Vow'd to achieve the emprize, or at Renti's gate to die.

* In Mr Grant's Life of Kirkcaldy of Grange, the following incident is related. Norman Leslie, after suffering an imprisonment in France, where he had taken refuge, when compelled to fly from Scotland for the share he had in the storming of St Andrews Castle, and the death of Cardinal Beaton, afterwards took service with Henry of Navarre. Kirkcaldy and Melville were his fellow soldiers. Leslie and Kirkcaldy were reputed the bravest knights in the army with which Henry

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"Now, archer and swart cannoneer, ply all your skill!" he cries,
"Over yon stubborn battlements your path to glory lies;
Your homes, beside the flowing Seine, or the bright blue Garronne,
Or dark Loire, hold loving hearts, now pining all alone.
But sadder yet will be those hearts, and dim each love-fraught glance,
Whilst yonder floating banner mocks the puissance of France;
For by my sov'reignty I vow, to seek nor bower nor hall,
Till crush'd in ruins at our feet yon city's turrets fall."

The siege was press'd right manfully, till midst its thundering din,
In headlong haste the wary scouts came pouring breathless in,

---

invaded and pillaged the Archbishopric of Cambray. On the retreat from that rather disreputable expedition, the French army, though pursued by the Emperor Charles, sat down before the rich city of Renti. The siege was protracted until the near advance of the imperial army. Montmorency, the Constable of France, Henry's Field-Marshal, made his disposition to receive them. The wary old compaigner, observing a neighbouring height crowned by some of the enemy's skirmishers, and not choosing to have his position overlooked, commanded Leslie with a troop of lances to dislodge them. Melville, in his Memoirs, thus graphically describes his fellow soldier. "In view of the whole French army, Norman Leslie, the Master of Rothes, with thirty Scotsmen, rode up the hill upon a fair grey gelding. He had above his coat of black velvet, a coat of armour, with two white crosses, the one before, the other behind; with sleeves of mail, and a red bonnet upon his head, whereby he was seen and known afar off by the Constable, the Duc d'Enghein, and Prince of Condé." The lengthened account of the combat may be thus abbreviated. "From the elevated station, the Spaniards poured down a terribly destructive fire on their assailants, from arquebusses, petronels, and even culverins. So deadly was the fusilade, that on reaching the brow of the hill, Leslie found himself supported by only seven followers. He did not hesitate to dash himself against the unequal numbers opposed to him. He unhorsed five before his lance broke, striking them clean out of their saddles; he then drew his sword, and again and again charged amongst his enemies. By this time he had seven bullet wounds, and most of his companions were also wounded; still he was on the point of achieving a complete victory, when a band of Imperials were seen riding to the rescue. He then abandoned the unequal strife, dashed spurs into his gallant grey, and rode down the hill to the station of the Constable, where he fell from his horse in a state of insensibility. He expired fifteen days afterwards in the city of Montreuil, bitterly repenting, it is said, the active share he had in the death of Beaton."

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With tidings that imperial Charles, with a well appointed train,
Of allied bands from all the lands of his wide and broad domain,
Bending its march on Renti's plain, as evening fell, were seen,
Through close defile and valley, and tangled wild ravine,
As hunters round the bated wolf compress the circle's span;
With Cambray's fierce Archbishop, breathing curses, in the van.

Then Montmorency's watchful glance, undimm'd by gathering years,
Descried upon a neighbouring height a clump of gleaming spears,
Saint Iago's cross emblazon'd on the banner of their chief,
As tow'ring high 'gainst the morning sky they stood in full relief.
Then cried the brave old Constable, "Saint Dennis be my speed!
My liege, but 'twere a bold devoir, and a right knightly deed,
To spur up yonder steep ascent with a score of spears in rest,
And drive yon avant-garde of Spain from off its heathy crest.

"And, by my life, to aid my thought, my liege, behold the man
Such knightly feat of arms will do, if any soldier can."
Then turning to his squire he said, "Summon yon lans-knecht, go:

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The valiant Scot, right well I wot, loves deeds of dherring-do."
Soon Norman Leslie rein'd his steed beside the suzerain,
And bent down till his red plume swept the charger's flowing mane;
Then in his saddle sat erect, with bearing bold and brave,
Though his noble brow was gloomy as a cold night-darken'd wave.

His full black eye was clouded, and pale his ruddy cheek,
But I wis, no tinge of mortal fear has dimm'd its healthful streak;
And though a cold mysterious woe lay heavy on his breast,
'Twas not the weight of mortal grief his dauntless heart oppress'd;
Nor, though unwonted langour upon his spirit dwelt,
The soldier's soul no mortal fear or craven terror felt;
But he felt that on his life-career the eve was falling fast,
And his mind was dark and sorrowful with visions of the past.

For all last night, from eve till morn, around his rugged bed,
All gaunt and grim, in their ghastly trim, the spirits of the dead
Had cloth'd his dreams in horrid guise, his sleep with black dismay,
And waged a fearful warfare with the sleeper as he lay.
In that wild vision's combat, though he shrank not from his foes,
Strange fears and unknown terrors rent his bosom with their throes,

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For, dabbled all in its blood-stain'd pall, one corse seem'd
ever nigh,
Shrieking aloud a descant wild, "I am a priest! fie, fie!"*

All through the night the spirit fight now rag'd, now
fainter grew,
As rose or fell the slogan yell of those lips of bloodless hue;
And, bootless, Norman Leslie strove to reach that dreadful
shade,
And dared the cold impassive shape to meet him blade
to blade.
A glare of that dead icy eye, with an unearthly power,
Repell'd and crush'd him, as the blast withers the early
flower;
And as the boom of the bell of doom on the heart of a
felon falls,
The cry he disregarded once, subdues, unnerves, appals.

The suppliant form his eager sword with ruthless thrust
had slain,
And spurn'd as 'twere the meanest hound e'er slunk
athwart the plain.
Array'd in Death's pale dignity and gloomy splendour now,
With a spirit's dusky glory on its stern unchanging brow,
And an awful joy in its glassy eye—an eye that ne'er
again
In passion, pride, in hope, or hate, or fear, will wax or
wane;

---

* Of the death of Cardinal Beaton, as of Bishop Sharp, it may be said in the words of an old poet,

"Although the cheild was weel away, the deed was foully done."

It was Leslie, a protege of Beaton, who first assaulted him in the chamber of St Andrews Castle.

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That livid corse with marble lips speaks words of mystic woe,
And round his couch the live-long night glides ever to and fro.

About his couch, now near, now far, the spectre circling flies,
As wheels the eagle round the prey that fascinated lies;
And the loud refrain of the phantom train peal'd like the thunder's clang,
Or faint and low as a plaint of woe, in distant echoes rang.
They whirl'd about, in weirdly rout, till the young morn flush'd the east,
Then the spectral band, at their chief's command, their elfish gambols ceas'd;
And the couch drew near as 'twere the bier of a culprit under ban,
And o'er the knight, the master sprite, his fun'ral rites began.

But the fearful words of that Mass Dirge it were a sin to say,—
'Twas a wild fiend stave, 'twas a demon's rave, a tortured spirit's lay,—
A mass-song foul of a charnel ghoul, a vampire's festive strain,
'Twas a lost soul's yell, 'twas the chorus swell of the doom'd in endless pain;
'Twas a goblin's glee o'er the lost at sea, 'twas the storm-fiend's fierce acclaim,
'Twas a chant of Hate, that Death nor Fate could ever quell or tame,—

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Such Mass Dirge ne'er did mortal hear. The saints assoil us all
From the dreams that blood-guilt to the sleep of the blood-spiller doth call.

* * * * * * * * * *

'Tis morn; the trumpet-call hath rung, the matin pray'rs are said,
For Henry's host the ancient Faith still honour'd and obey'd;
The priest from line to line has gone, and shrived them well and fast,
And banderol and pennon sank in reverence as he pass'd.
Short shrift was made, brief blessing given, as well beseemeth they
Who life by such frail tenure hold in danger's bloody day;
And confidently spears were raised, and swords right bravely bared,
And for the field of fight once more the host were well prepared.

The rites were done, and the regal sun over the horizon
Pour'd floods of light on helmet bright, corslet, and habergeon,
And all war's pomp and garniture, the pennon'd lance and crest,
The ornate plume, the silken scarf, and richly broider'd vest;
The line of faultless symmetry, the well-adjusted rank,
The equally supported wing, and strongly guarded flank,
In fair proportion stood disclos'd at morn on Renti plain,
When the knight of Rothes rein'd his steed beside the suzerain.

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"Rides there among your lans-reichters such cavaliers as when
Ye led your stout moss-troopers through Teviot's rugged glen,
And the flower of England's chivalry on the heath of Ancrum slew,
And banderol and basnet dyed that day a crimson hue?
Or have ye such bold sworders as those that we are told
Ye led to burst the oaken gate of Beaton's ancient hold;
And yet as I am belted knight and peer of France this day,
'Twas no great feat an aged priest, an unarm'd man to slay."

Thus spoke the blunt old Constable: to whom the Scottish knight
Replied,—"My sword for Scotland's weal, and liberty, and right,
I'll ever weild; and prince, or peer, or pontiff for my foe,
Arm'd or unarm'd, in such a cause, my arm would strike the blow.
What reck if sheath'd in iron mail or silken scapulaire
A tyrant king, or tyrant priest, the doom of death should share:
Aye, 'gainst old Scotland's enemies, till life's last hour I'll war,
Even wert thou one, Sir Constable, or Henry of Navarre."

"No farther parlance brooks our need," the king impatient cries,
"Up yonder steep, Sir Scottish knight, the test of valour lies:
Our foes are mustering on its crest, our bivouack's defence,
And not your bygone deeds, must try the strength of your good lance.

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Choose for your following whom you list; and now fare-
well, God speed!"
Then Norman Leslie murmur'd, as he wheel'd about his
steed,
"Who hears like me his mass dirge sung before the
matin prime,
I wot may deem the compline bell will be his death hour
chime."——

Away 'midst the fanfare of trumpets they dash,
And the drum's lively roll, and the cymbal's sharp clash;
Away from the sun-gilded host, as it lay
Extended for leagues in its compact array,
They flew, as the fiery wing'd messengers fly
From the breast of the thunder-cloud floating on high.
At the base of the steep for a moment they breath'd
Their deep panting steeds, and their good swords un-
sheath'd;
Then fearlessly breasted the toilsome ascent,
Like high-hearted gallants on merriment bent,
Or guests that repair to the banqueting hall,
They flew to the revel of Death's carnival.

Far in the van the Bonnet-rouge gleam'd like a lurid star,
Portending baleful storm or death, conspicuous from afar,
And stream'd the rudy banderol, like meteor on its path,
Its crimson folds the signal fire of hot and deadly wrath.
The cross of Scotland on his mail, the tartan scarf above,
The thistle blent with fleur-de-lis upon his surcoat wove,
Symbols of glory never yet by slave or coward worn,
Right gallantly that day, I wot, against the foe were
borne.

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Loud peal'd the battle shout high as the thunder,
And red grew the green heath the charger's feet under,
And trodden and crush'd there lay riders and steeds,
Heaps upon heaps, like the swath on the meads;
And fancy might deem, as the combat sped on,
And the rock cliffs re-echoed the shout and the groan,
That the souls of the dead, undivested of hate,
Still fought as they flew to Eternity's gate.

Yet onward, like Death's fell purveyors, they bore them,
Nor paused whilst a foeman erect stood before them;
They smote the resisting, and clove down the flying,
Nor ceased the fell strife 'mong the wounded and dying:
And the maim'd and the crush'd, like war wolves at bay,
Look'd horrible hate as their breath pass'd away;
And the gash'd and the gory, as the life-light declined,
Expir'd, in the grapple of death still entwin'd.

When night spread her wing o'er valiant dead,
They lay alone in their gore,
In a silence more dismal and awfully dread
Than the battle's fiercest roar;
And him who heard at morning's light
A spirit mass dirge sung,
Lay stark in bloody cerements dight,
When the compline bell was rung.

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II.

FRA DIEGO.*

The glorious light of evening lay on San Domingo's dome,
And rob'd in purple halos every cloister, shrine, and tomb,
And shone upon the altar crypt in colours rich and rare,
Like sunshine through the golden plumes of angels on the air;
And high on golden 'scutcheon and ancient banner's fold,
It shed a gorgeous lustre in traceries of gold.
Oh! guilty would the bosom be, and dark the heart within,
Could meditate beneath that light on treachery or sin.

But close beside the altar rail, and pacing to and fro,
There moveth one whose heart is full of sin's unshriv'n woe;
Within whose eye—an eye that ne'er on Heaven's sky dare look—
Ye might have read of fearful deeds as in a written book:

* Don Juan of Austria, half-brother of Charles II. of Spain, had dispatched his Secretary, Escovedo, from Brussels, where he then was, to Madrid, to enforce certain promises both of honours and rewards made to Juan, and contingent on his success against the Netherlanders. The Secretary resisted the cajolery and threatenings of both Philip and his Minister, Antonio Peres, and remained faithful to his master's interests; and, in accordance with the bloody policy of the period, it was resolved to remove him by assassination. Peres was the chief agent; but such deed could not be done without the sanction of the priesthood. Philip's Confessor, Diego de Chaves, was consulted on the civil as well as the

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Upon whose brow the cord-like folds were triply bent
around,
As if they held some fell intent within their iron bound:
It was the Fra Diego, who near that rail of gold,
Paced to and fro impatiently, as wolf-dog in his hold.

And ever as he ponder'd o'er some secret deed of guile,
His grim lip curl'd in triumph, as the base alone can
smile;
And darkly down, like thunder-cloud upon a mountain
peak,
The low'ring forms of dreadful thoughts were shadow'd
on his cheek;
And though he bent his grizly head like one in pious
dream,
Ye might have deem'd his orisons were not of holy theme;
Nor, when he clutch'd his rosary, were it a sin to tell,
A poignard's hilt would have become that bony hand as
well.

---

religious bearings of the question. His answer on the first point was in favour of the sovereign's right of assassination, reserving the last for decision in the confessional. He said, "The secular prince, who has power of life and death over his subjects and vassals, as he may deprive them of life on just cause by judicial forms, so may he do this on sufficient evidence, without such process, since the mere machinery of justice is as nothing in respect to his law, which also he can annul and re-enact at his pleasure; nor is it a crime in a vassal who, at his command, may kill another vassal, since he must suppose that it was ordered to be done on just cause, which the law of right assumes to exist in all deeds of the supreme prince." Escovedo was waylaid and slain in the square San Jacobo, in Madrid. The actual murderers escaped for the time, but the relations of the slain hidalgo loudly denounced Perez as the instigator, and demanded his arrest and trial. Philip resisted long, but the faction was powerful and numerous, and a decree was at length issued for the arrest of his minister. Perez suffered a long confinement with great constancy, without being brought to trial; his heroic lady making meanwhile incessant efforts either for his enlargement or trial, in vain. All appeals to Philip were abortive, Perez refusing to surrender or destroy the written evidence he possessed of the king's participation in the crime. At last, the lady, weary of being tantalized by evasions and promises, attempted, as a last resource, to reach the conscience of the king's confessor, and induce him to intercede with Philip for justice to her husband. The interview with the priest in the convent of Domingo el Real, is that which forms the ground-work of this Legend.

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At once arrested is his step,—his swarthy cheek grows pale,—
A low sad sound has struck his ear,—a mournful plaintive wail;
Reverbing through the cloister arch the dulcet sorrow pass'd,
And sank, as sinks the requiem strain, beside the cygnet's nest.
Awhile Diego trembling stood, in horror and affright,
A thing of spectral gloom and fear, amidst that holy light;
And all unearthly grew his look, his face all deathly wan,
And e'en his shadow blacker fell than that of Christian man.

"What, ho! sacristan! bar the porch, for such a mood as mine
Is all unmeet to list to plaint or penitential whine,"—
He cried; "and absolution,—oh, that jonglerie to none
Must I dispense, save to the souls of royal fools alone!
And were that mockery, in sooth, an amulet divine,
'Twere needed all to wash away from Philip's breast and mine
The blood of Escovedo, and hundreds more beside,
With thine, Antonio Perez, soon to swell the crimson tide."

Whilst audibly the monk thus rav'd, along the chancel came
A lady tall and stately,—Don Perez' lovely dame:
Upon the marble floor she knelt, her children clinging seen,
Like weeping neriads group'd around the statue of their queen.

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"Now hear me, Fra Diego! Oh! for our Lady's love,
Let mercy for these helpless ones obdurate justice move!
And, as in the Confessional ye reign supreme alone,
Possessing power that far exceeds the might of mortal throne,

"Tell to stern Philip boldly, that crown nor sceptred sway,
Nor aught, save charity, will shield his soul at Judgement's day;
O, thus read thou the litany, and, with the saints to aid,
Seek with unsullied mind the peace should dwell in cloister shade!"
Then sank the priest his haggard face in his sepulchral cowl,
And laugh'd a demon laugh, and cried with a right fiendish growl:
"For favour of my sovereign, I'd doom my sire to die,
And mankind's ire, and Heaven's wrath, for such an end defy!"

Then uprose fair Juana, Don Perez' beauteous wife:—
"I sue no more, thou iron-heart, for wrong'd Antonio's life;
But, impious monk, though never more to mortal man I kneel,
To God, who on yon altar lies, for vengeance I appeal!
Aye, even to Him whose attributes thou hast so oft profaned,—
Whose awful mysteries abused,—whose sacred altars stain'd,

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Do I appeal, thou caitiff soul, base murderer, where ye stand,
Though thou wert cloth'd in jewell'd alb, a pontiff in the land!

"And through Castile and Arragon, confessor of thy king,
The bruit of thine infamy like thunder dint shall ring;
And men will curse thy memory, and matrons in alarm
Will sain their lords from monkish rules as from a sorcerer's charm!
Deem not a mother's malison will rise to Heav'n in vain,
Or orphan's tear sink in the earth, as ocean drinks the rain;
Or those escape who Heav'n defy, and Mercy's dictates spurn,
As ye will know, blasphemer, ere the morning light return!"

The lady from the convent pass'd: the nuns are in the choir,
The vesper hymn is sung, yet still the monk does not retire;
The censers wave at midnight, the primes are chanted loud,
Yet still beneath his cowl he stood, like corse beneath its shroud;
The sweet dawn flush'd the mountain crest—hark to the matin pray'r!
The shrines appear, the altars gleam; yet mute he standeth there.—
But when above the convent dome the sun in glory rode,
Beside the altar's golden rail he fell a lifeless clod.

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III.

CHARLES OF SPAIN.*

THE CONFESSOR.

Roylan Diaz, the confessor, was an alchymist of might—
Could read the rubric of the stars in their portentous flight;
And every flow'r and herb and plant he knew, and could at will,
For benison or bane to man,—for life or death,—distil.
He had learnt the cabalistic lore, and the Vhemic rites forbid,
And the sorcerer's fearful liturgy, and the wizard's worship dread;
And ponder'd more the occult page than breviary divine;
And the charmed rhyme, than the holy chime, in chapelry or shrine.
Wherever Roylan Diaz came, all sounds of mirth were hush'd,
And love's light smiles were clouded, and all heart-rejoicing crush'd;
The ground whereon he trod refused the weird footfall to tell,
And from his gaunt and spectral form no passing shadow fell.
Silent of step, and shadowless, fear heralded his path,

* The basis of this Legend is related in Lord Mahon's "Wars of the Spanish Succession;" and more recently and minutely in the posthumous volume of Lord Macaulay's History of England.

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And gloom and hate scowled after, and the deep fell curse of wrath.
And tales were told of philtred drug, and deadly poison'd cup,
That with strange burning fevers drank his sovereign's vigour up,
Until with horror frenzied, and terror-stricken brain,
He sought the counsel of the dead, within their drear domain.

THE KING.

The midnight hour was come and gone, the tapers all are dim,
Yet still the King lay on his couch, array'd in courtly trim;
But jewell'd robe, nor purple vest, nor miniver of price,
Could veil the assaults disease had made on his life's fortalice;
And restlessly he toss'd and turn'd on that soft velvet bed,
As if on its luxurious folds were burning embers spread;
Nor could the pomp of boundless wealth and regal power and sway
Impart relief to the vulture grief that near his heart chords lay.
It was the Second Charles of Spain thus troublously reclined;
His frame with nameless pangs distraught, with nameless fears his mind:
That frame distorted by disease by leech's lore unnamed,
Now frigid as a glacier, now with Etna's fire inflamed,

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Now quivering in the faintness of the rack's extremest strain,
Now goaded into frantic life by some more ardent pain;
That mind, now weak and stagnant, now wild in fiercest woe,
Now seeking life with abject prayers, now courting death's last blow,
Now future bliss demanding,—prize of superstitious deed,—
Now every hope abandoned in the gloomy atheist's creed.
But than the torture of disease, or supernatural terror,
One thought doth fling o'er the wretched King a cloud of darker horror;
Though all his heart's pulsations shot torments through each vein,
And all his soul's imaginings were fear and horror's train.
"Last of my line, I die," he sighed, "and at my parting hour,
The Bourbon's will exulting seize the sceptre of my power."
Then from his couch he rose, and struck the bell with furious clang,
'Till ante-hall, and corridor, and tow'r and turret rang.
Then upsprung Roylan Diaz from his hard and uncouth lair,
He had waited long for that signal call of frenzy and despair;
Upstarted the false cardinal* from off his sumptuous bed,
And visions of the triple crown descending on his head;

* Cardinal Portocarrero.

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And uprose count and courtier, in secret council set,
And each hand of guilt a poignard's hilt, at that loud clangour met,
And menial and hidalgo snatch'd their weapons from the wall,
And rush'd along as the midnight gong, peal'd through saloon and hall.

THE DECISION.

A hundred tapers flash within a chamber high and wide,
On all the rare and costly things wealth gathers in its pride;
And priest, and knight, and cavalier, greet with affrighted tone,
The ghastly king, who statue like, stood near the vacant throne:
The sceptre trembled in his hand, as shakes the aspen bough,
And the crown I trow on a dead man's brow, had been as meet a show,
An 'twere not save from his eye's deep cave shone forth a fearful light,
Like the beacon's blaze on the hoar and haze of a black tempestuous night.
"Now, paladins of Spain," he said, "warriors, and knights, and peers,
To you your wretched king confides the secret of his fears:
Death holds to me the prophet's torch, and by its charnel sheen,
The dread events of coming years are by the dying seen;
And, lo! embattled armies rush like phantoms to my eyes,

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And the hot blood shed sends incense red, like an eclipse
o'er the skies:
And lawless strife and turbulence, War's foul attendants,
reign
O'er the shivering land, whilst kings contend for the
heirless crown of Spain.
Prepare the tomb where calmly now my kingly fathers
sleep;
Perchance their spirits lingering there may yet a vigil
keep,
And to mine ear, though none else hear, may grant
approving sign,
That justice sets her signet on the pontiff's choice and
mine.
Prepare the tomb; I'll gaze again, ere life's cold pulse
subside,
On my father in his majesty, my mother in her pride;
Yes, their sepulchred silent court in holy awe I'll tread—
I have counsel ta'en with life in vain, I'll now consult
the dead."

THE DEATH COUNCIL.

Beneath the low brow'd arches, amidst monumental piles,
Round sculptured columns, and along dim, solemn,
shadowy aisles,
The royal cortege slowly wound, but all so mute they sped,
The slumbering echoes woke not from their rest among
the dead.
Then when the strange procession reach'd stern Philip's
bed of rest,
And the torch flame shone on the skeleton of a mould'ring
royal guest,

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Grim Roylan Diaz' doleful voice disturb'd the heavy air—
" You wish'd to see your sire again, Sir King, behold him there !"
'Twas then amazement seized the train yblent with awe and fear,
When the feeble sovereign stood erect before his father's beir,
And with brief words and bold, invok'd the cold imperial dust,
For some assenting signal none might gainsay or distrust.
But soon surprise, and awe, and fear, to speechless horror turn'd,
When a pale blue ray on the coffin'd clay, like glow-worm radiance burn'd,
And a quivering spark, from each eye-hole dark, with fitful brilliance blazed,
Whilst shiver'd and shrunk the ghastly trunk, and its fleshless arm upraised:
The skeleton rais'd its fleshless arm, and its wasted fingers wav'd,
And a fiery scroll, and a cross of blood, upon the air engrav'd;
And blazon'd the words that shone and died as the North-lights wax and wane:—
" Let no crown'd pois'ner desecrate the spotless throne of Spain !"
Then bow'd the monarch rev'rently, as the mystic writing fled,
O'er the sarcophagus, and kiss'd the forehead of the dead.
" Saint Jerome's* might assoil thy sprite, my sire, for evermore !"

* The monks of the convent of the Escurial were of the order of St Jerome, and were guardians of the royal tombs.

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He cried, "and now, Lord Cardinal, mine errand here is o'er."
The silver cressets glitter as round a holy shrine,
On the mausoleum of a queen, once proudest of her line;
But those who here would worship once that fair and haughty brow,
Recoil'd as if 'twere deadly sin to gaze upon it now;
For though 'twas years since death had quench'd the life-light in her eyes,
Some potent spell, the Conqueror and his withering power defies;
And the lifeless clay knew no decay, even pride and passion's trace—
Oh, all unmeet in the shrouding sheet—the grave could not efface.
The lady lies in a purple shroud, and gold enwraps her o'er,
And never a bride in her morn of pride such gorgeous vestments wore;
Nor queen could boast more grandeur in all her living pow'r,
Than that display'd in the gloomy shade of that lady's burial bow'r.
And the sculptor's pompous art hath groups of votive statues hewn,
And round the solemn court of death were flatt'ring symbols strewn;
But the sculptor's art, nor herald's pomp, could neither hide nor veil
The cold spell-guarded form that no corruption could assail.

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From the king's wan and furrow'd brow, and from his coiling hair,
Dropp'd down the chilly dew of fear, and the damp of black despair.
Loudly the vaulted roof resounds his wild and frenzied cry,—
"What sorcery dread has sav'd the dead from the doom of all who die?
What magic foul preserved the scowl on my parent's brow so long,
Like a brand of feud still unsubdued to the line of proud Bourbon?
Then Roylan Diaz sain'd himself, but 'twas beneath his hood,
For he traced the sign of a rite malign, and not of the holy-rood;
And, swift as morning's kindling eye the hoary night-mists chase,
At the sign he made, the fearful shade left that unearthly face.
Then he mutter'd a prayer, but none could hear what saint the priest implored,
For it was the name of the mystic Vheme, and of no saint adored:
And, like the arch'd effulgence of the rainbow's glorious span,
A glowing streak suffused the cheek erewhile so grim and wan.
But scarce the words of that weirdly prayer the wizard's lip had pass'd,
When dark and dim a vapoury cloud o'er the coffin gather'd fast;

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And, like the exhalations that from the alembic floats,
When the chymic sage on the boiling rage of his fusing metal gloats,
It veil'd the work of jonglerie, and the dreadful process hid,
By which a strange unhallow'd change befell the mummied dead;
For when the incense past away, the urn alone disclosed
A smouldering pile of ashes vile, where once a queen reposed.
Then spoke the crafty Diaz,—"Behold, my gracious sire,
How the offended saints rebuke all sacrilegious ire!
Read thou the omen well, my liege: she who alone presumed
To thwart thy will, the angry fire of Heaven hath consumed;
Hail, then, the augury divine, and on its promise rest."
"To God I cling!" cried the trembling king, and cross'd his brow and breast.
But from that hour he ne'er had pow'r to speak a word again,
And Roylan Diaz never more was seen in the realm of Spain.

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MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

NOTES OF PREPARATION.

I.

At length the swelling word of power and brave resolve
is spoken,
And cold procrastination's spell a mightier spell hath
broken;
And England, fearless as of old, true to her past renown,
To mankind's false insulter flings the gage of battle
down:
And from each heart all fears depart, and doubtful bod-
ings flee,
And rings at last her trumpet-blast—the dherring of
the free.

At length hath Merrie England, with a full and free
acclaim,
To light the world to freedom, set her beacons all
aflame;
And after long endurance of audacious fraud and guile,
Masqu'd 'neath Religion's holy guise and diplomatic wile,
Scorning all impious subtilty or blasphemous appeal,
With France to aid, unsheaths her blade for the battle's
fierce ordeal.

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As when the Sea King's raven flags were hovering on her shore,
And every crag and turret steep its warning beacon bore,
Or flaring, when through strath and glen, from castle hall to sheiling,
The burning cross swept onward, and the gathering song came pealing,
Old Scotia's gallant sons have heard the spirit-rousing call,
"Ho! Freedom to the rescue!" sound in their ancient capital.

Up with the blazon'd Lions on our country's glorious shield!
Unfold the banners seen of old in many a well fought field!
Marshall the brave whose patriot sires for faith and country fell,
And let the trumpet clarion sound, and the martial pibroch swell!
For never flew in cause more true the ensigns we revere,
Nor ever rang your slogan clang, a holier cause to cheer.

'Tis for no courtly pastime, or for jousting pageant pride,
That the defiant sounds are heard reverbing far and wide,
From England's chalky ramparts to the adamantine zone
That guards the confines of our own romantic Caledon:—
No! by the land we love so well, its green hills and its glades,
By the fair flow'rs that bloom beneath its hardy pine-tree shades;

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By the brave old traditions of our fathers' deeds bequeath'd,
And the bright deathless memories around our hearts enwreath'd;
And by that bond no time dissolves or absence can unbend,
The long home-love of early life, with its last hours entwin'd:—
For no time-wither'd dynasty, no long descended guilt,
No crime encircled diadem, or throne on falsehood built;

No custom born in ignorance, for state designs retain'd,
Or creed conceiv'd in error, and by pontiff craft maintain'd;
And less for hoary empires in decrepitude to shield,
Where man is sold and marted like beasts in grazing field,—
We arm us not; but to arrest the devastating range
Of mankind's foul despoiler, and his thousand crimes avenge!

The hand of monstrous tyranny, in insolence of pow'r,
Hath torn the olive from the root, and broken stem and flow'r,
And with a grim insatiate lust of sway and conquest driven,
To seize and strangle every where all Liberty, hath striven;
And on the world War's fury hurl'd, where Peace so lately lay,
Like the calm repose and mild still close of a smiling summer day.

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Yet welcomer that tempest with its grand magnificence,
Than the slow creeping horrors of the slavish pestilence;
Rather the world in arms to dare the battle's fiery doom,
Than, bound and fetter'd, slumbering in Oppression's charnel gloom!
Now from the icy bound'ry of its savage Baltic birth,
War may in maelstrom fury rush to devastate the earth;

And flames, and blood, and carnage flood, and mad barbarian wrath,
And ruin dark and black deeds mark, its desolating path:
Better the sharp keen conflict of the thundering hurricane,
Than the bleak nightmare-slumber found in Slavery's stagnant main;
For like a splendid glory from an angel's radiant plume,
The rose-crown'd form of Liberty the darkness will illume.

And like some fairy visitant that gilds the poet's rest,
And scares the sad despairing thoughts that haunt his waking breast,
The rising star of Peace will shed a mild celestial ray,
When the thunder loud of War's black cloud has past for aye away.

Yet come what may, the hunt is up, the gallant chase begun!
Though ere the prey hath turn'd to bay, and Freedom's fight is won;
Ay, long ere Albion's chivalry and Gaul's heroic might
Have rescued Europe from the fangs of the grisly Muscovite,

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'Midst triumph's cheers, what bitter tears and broken
hearts will tell,
How oft the shout of victory's rout proves the victor's
parting knell.

Yet come what may, the hunt is up! and when the chase
is done,
Mankind's redemption from the ban of Slavery will be won.
Ay, come what may, the sword is drawn, ne'er to be
sheath'd again,
'Till from the captive world it smite Oppression's rusted
chain!
Though matron's sob, and maiden's grief, and the widow's
wailing cry,
May add their sorrow's symphony to Freedom's pæan
high;

Though every fight, the wrong'd to right, and free the
earth from shame,
Should sever kindred's silver bonds, and quench Love's
heav'nly flame;
Yet must the sword now bravely drawn, unscabbarded
remain,
'Till from the earth it hew the links of Slavery's iron
chain!

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NOTES OF PREPARATION.

II.

We hear not yet the thunder crash, but well we see the glare
Of War's tremendous meteors flash on the dusk tempestuous air,
And the sullen stern commotion of the fire-charg'd cloud's unrest,
Above the sleeping ocean, ere the tempest cleave its breast;
And each upheaved column its gigantic shadow throw
O'er the extended volume of the quivering earth below;
And well we know the hour is nigh when the death show'r will alight;
And strong in righteous hope we cry, "May Heav'n defend the right!"

We see but yet the red simoom on the far desert verge,
In all its grandly horrid gloom and awful pomp, emerge;
We hear but yet the hollow clang that Nature's silence cleaves,
When with its vast volcanic pang the tortured mountain heaves:
A voice that dreadful sights foretell, and fearful deeds denote,
When o'er the bursting crucible the lava-torrents float:
And well we know the hour is nigh of War's wide blasting might,
And strong in righteous hope we cry, "May Heav'n defend the right!"

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Nearer and nearer comes the hour in Fate's dark archives traced,
Will front to front see lawless pow'r and Freedom's armies placed;
And the decisive opening day of that eventful war
Will crush the imperial robber's sway or darken Freedom's star;
Will pallid Slavery's monster train of miseries farther spread,
Or give immortal bloom again to mankind's hopes instead;
Will bring us Liberty's blue sky, or dark Oppression's night;
And strong in righteous hope we cry, "May Heav'n defend the right!"

Soon will the curtain's veil be roll'd from War's tremendous stage,
And men with shrinking hearts behold the world-wide contest rage;
Behold the power abhorrent of the godless miscreant dare
Unsluice the blood-red torrent from its barb'rous Northern lair,
And in his furious hate and haste, and by ambition madden'd,
Rush forth the earth to scorch and waste, that peace so long hath gladden'd:
Then when to stay its fell career and stem the deluge blight,
Our own true noble hearts appear, may Heaven defend the right!

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And fiercely will the conflict rage, and the strife be hot and long,
When the foes of mankind's weal engage with the righters of mankind's wrong;
When the free of heart, and firm and bold, and gallant hearts advance,
'Neath Britain's unstained banner-fold and Oriflamme of France,
And nobly on the land and wave a fearless zeal display,
And, with their wonted valour, brave the strife of Freedom's day;
Then, though a myriad serfs may flock, and for the tyrant fight,
We know that in the conflict's shock, Heav'n will defend the right.

Though the grim Cossack of the Don, of Ismael's tameless line,
Owning no power, or state, or throne, or consecrated shrine,
Come from their rude and sterile bounds to aid the bloody toils,
And crouch like leash'd and beaten hounds for leave to share the spoils;
And the swart Ukraine warriors press, shouting their war-hoop yell,
From desert Steppe and Wilderness, and Murder's cohorts swell;
Let Cossack lance or Ukraine glaive strike for the Muscovite,
Where'er the flags of freedom wave, Heav'n will defend the right.

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Though from the bleak cold regions, where the Wolga's waters gush
Unnumber'd ruffian legions, in their shaggy vestments, rush,
And many a rude and hirsute tribe from the sweltering Dneiper's banks,
Slaughter and spoil their wolf-like bribe, ride in the Despot's ranks;
And for like lure and vulture bond the dark brow'd Calmuck horde,
Who boast they ne'er allegiance owned to kaisar, king, or lord,
Now wield the ignominious spear for tyranny to smite;—
But Freedom's brands are sharp and sheer, and Heav'n defends the right!

Aye, though a million vassals rude as serfdom e'er embruted,
A dense unreasoning multitude, with hearts and souls polluted;
With every manly feeling sway'd by superstition's flood,
And every gentler trait o'erlaid by the tiger-thirst for blood;
Driv'n by the baton and the rod, and the spirit crushing scourge,
Their onslaught shriek, "The Czar and God!" are, onward, surge on surge,
Dash'd 'gainst the strong compact array of France and Britain's might;
In the glorious strife of Freedom's day, Heav'n will defend the right.

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NOTES OF PREPARATION.

III.

O Country, which I proudly call mine own,
Though humblest of the sons that tread thy soil,
And pass their hours in hard incessant toil,—
Great Heart, from whose quick heaving pulses thrown,
Like genial streams that nourish as they glide,
Roll forth the waves of Freedom's deathless tide!

Oh, dear in youth I held thy high career,
Thy matchless valour, and thy warlike fame,
And victories that mankind glorious name!
And now, when age makes youth's green blossom sere,
From thy bright coronal of glory borne,
I would not see one single leaflet torn.

Again, as once of yore, I hear the sound
Of War's reveille in thy confines beat,
And tramp of steed and tread of martial feet,
And shout and cheer of men to battle bound,
Exulting in proud manhood's fervent glow;—
On, on, thy chosen to the combat flow.

I see the war-light gleaming in each eye,
And on each brow shines a victorious flush,
As, gaily as to bridal feast, they rush,
As, cheerily as to village fete, they hie,
To whate'er fate the chance of battle yield,
Their Country's fame and Liberty to shield!

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My native land, where Freedom's glorious tree,
Like the blessed amaranthe, for ever show'rs
From its immortal branches, on the free,
Garlands and wreathes of ever-living flow'rs;
Still as the hope of mankind mayst thou stand
'Till time and earth shall die, mine own green northern land!

Still may thy all unconquer'd banners wave,
And spite of coward counsels be unfurl'd,
As sun-bright standards, where the patriot brave
Fight to redeem a long down-trodden world,
Alike from pontiff's grasp or tyrant's hand,
Guard of the Earth art thou, mine own green northern land!

Though mercenary recreants, who detest
All of thy past of martial glories tell,
Would paralyze thy arm, and from thy breast
Would the heroic valorous fire expel,
They love not peace the less who armed stand
In Freedom's cause and their, mine own green northern land!

Let calculating avarice count the cost
'Twixt Freedom's conquest gallantly maintain'd,
And that slave's peace, procured with honour lost,—
That safety by a slave's submission gain'd,—
Thy free proud sons will perish on thy strand,
Or drive the invader back, mine own green northern land!

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Let bigots mock, and mad fanatics sneer,
When to the field our brave defenders swarm,
And bloodless slaves crouch in ignoble fear,
When the stout-hearted for the conflict arm,
Thy warriors, like a belt of fire, will stand
Around thy sacred verge, mine own green northern land!

Who, when above his country hangs the gloom
Of foreign War's pollution, vice, and guilt,
Would then not arm to avert the fatal doom;
His battle cry, "War to the dagger's hilt!"
Is seal'd and marked by treason's deepest brand,
And is no child of thine, my own old native land!

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SONG OF REMEMBRANCE.

All honour and praise to the gallant and brave,
And success to the swords of the free,
Who the land that we love stoutly combat to save
From the gripe of the tyrant and foot of the slave:
Let us pledge them with three times three!

Success and renown, ever blooming and bright,
To the cause of the gallant and free,
Who fearlessly march to encounter the might
Of the stern scowling host of the dark Muscovite:
Let us pledge them in three times three!

Long and lasting as time every warrior's name,
Entwined with our laurels will be,
Who bore like a star our old national fame,
All cloudless and clear through the carnage and flame:
Let us pledge them in three times three!

In thy glens, on thy hills, will their mem'ries ne'er fade,
Old Scotland the hearty and free;
For ne'er stood a coward 'neath bonnet or plaid,
Or a waverer in fight in thy tartans array'd:
Let us pledge them in three times three!

Like the love of our hearts to our dear native plain,
Shall the fame of our warriors be,
And hallow'd for ever in Memory's fane,
May the theme of their glory enliven the strain,
As we pledge them with three times three!

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NIGHT BEFORE INKERMANN.

The Muscove host came stealthily on, enswath'd in their
capotes grey:
As wolves from the high Carpathian hills steal on their
folded prey,
They noiselessly crawl'd up the shaggy heights, to where
our stout hearts lay,
Wrapt in the sleep by warrior seldom found,
Unbroken by the midnight 'larum sound.

As the mariner sleeps in storm and spray, while he
clings to the shaken shroud,
Though full and strong, the deep night long, roar'd the
thundering siege guns loud;
And the red flames gleam, and the black shells scream
o'er the lair of the warlike crowd,
Each wearied hero slumbering lay,
'Midst a din that rock'd his couch of clay.

Anon, as raised by magic spell, a dark portentous
screen
Of cold dense mist was roll'd along the mutual foes
between;
And silence sudden and awful fell on the late demoniac
scene,
As if each foe for a space drew breath,
From his bloody toil in the shadow of death.

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No sound was heard in that dread pause,—that fearful
charnel gloom,
Save the Muscove's bell, that ever anon knell'd forth its
heavy boom;
And over redoubt and rampart swung like a heavy dirge
of doom:
But the chime that rang for rites divine,
Was battle's stern but secret sign.

Within the leaguer'd city press'd, on mound and bastion
pent,
Full fifty thousand fanatics at their matin mass-rite bent;
And through each rank, from flank to flank, pass'd the
weirdly sacrament,
And with hoarse voice and lifted hands,
The priests absolved the prostrate bands.

Without, o'er leagues of plain and height, in their dusky,
firm array,
Squadron, and square, and compact line, and massive
column lay;
And the muffled wheels of a hundred guns crush'd
through the sodden clay;
And there, as in the leaguer's bound,
Reign'd silence boding and profound.

And there too, 'mong the close pent files, like a dreary
pageant's shade,
Went the hoary monk, and the grizzly priest, and a
fearful ritual said,
And form of saint and relic over kneeling serfs display'd;
And evok'd the holiest Name on high,
Treachery's emprize to sanctify.

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And the pray'r to bless, and the curse to blight, of their
final descant stave,
The bigot's gloomy fury to the savage worship gave,
And the daring of despair imparts to every bending
slave,
Covering what should be valour's task
With superstition's vengeful mask.

"On him whose arm shows mercy, or proves recreant in
the war,
Be the fiery hate and ban of Heav'n; and, what is dead-
lier far,
To scorch and scathe, the blighting wrath of the
omniscient Czar,
With whom the awful mission lies,
To doom, to pain, or paradise.

"With a venging brand in each right hand, and the
cross in each bosom's core,
In the cause of the Lord, let every sword drink deep of
British gore:
Though the field be won, and the strife be done, and
the foe resists no more,
Strike whilst in one accursed breast
A spark of life doth lingering rest."

The murderous exhortation ends, and the slavish hordes
again,
With the tiger's treacherous instinct, mov'd along o'er
knoll and plain,
But neither trumpet call was heard, nor drum, nor bugle
strain—

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That mass of life, all mute as death,
Strode hush'd and sullen o'er the heath.

There needed neither trumpet note nor leader's guiding speech,
That grim night-shrouded armament its viewless way to teach,
Their pathway and their fell design right well was known to each,
And rank on rank their dumb course feeling,
On the surge of war went wheeling.

Though vast and far extended, and numberless that host,
As the sere brown leaves the autumn wind from forest boughs has toss'd,
Yet every man moved silently as an unquestion'd ghost,
Sad and disappointed stealing
Graveward, at the morn's revealing.

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THE BIVOUAC.

There is darkness above, there is darkness around;
And the rain hath the feeble camp fires drown'd;
The stars from the arch of heav'n have fled,
And behind her cloud the moon seems dead;
And black as midnight ocean's breast,
The black dense looming vapours rest
On trench and earthwork, mound and plain,
As morn would never dawn again.
Beneath the rude hut's shelter pent,
Or the fragile shade of the dripping tent,
The dauntless doom'd sustain'd their mood,
Of bold determined hardihood.
And if perchance some pensive thrill,
Or tender throe for loved ones parted,
That toil or absence fail'd to still,
Yet linger'd with the daring-hearted,
Blame not the uncouth melodies,
From untaught feeling's source upheaving,
That mingles with the keen wind's sighs,
Regret and grief alike relieving;
Nor scorn the simple minstrel's art,
Ere he rush to the combat, telling
The constant faith of a soldier's heart,
In the pathos of Erin swelling.

Irish Fusileer's Song.

Oh, Aileen, dear Aileen, your love still doth rest,
Like a star in the gloom of my destiny here;
And the moment when last ye reclin'd on my breast,
As the first cloudless hour of our meeting, is dear:

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And ever whilst life in my bosom is swelling,
Though sufferings assail me or dangers beset,
Thy love, dearest Aileen, all sadness dispelling,
The heart of your soldier will never forget.

My Aileen! my darling! the grief shadows now
Blight the joy flow'rs that bloom'd on your beautiful cheek;
And the heart sorrow darkens the light of your brow,
As the cloud of the eve does the rose blossom's streak.
But though I have wander'd from thee far away, dear,
Where sufferings assail me, and dangers beset,
In battle's fierce day still, our love's dawning ray still,
The heart of your soldier will never forget.

Oh, Aileen, my bright one! for Erin and thee,
I seek the renown of the warrior's name;
My bride and my country my watchwords shall be,
To guide me to conquest, and honour, and fame.
Old Ireland's renown I will ever maintain, dear,
Though sufferings assail me, or dangers beset;
And love's silver chain, dear, in joy or in pain, dear,
The heart of your soldier will never forget.

The brave ancient names of green Erin inspire me,
Their mem'ries, like beacons of glory, remain;
The deeds they achieved for their fatherland fire me,
And true to its cause I will ever remain.
Should my blood in the combat this far shore embue, dear,
Dishonour shall never my death-hour beset;
My heart has been true, dear, to Erin and you, dear,
And ne'er whilst it beats will thy image forget.

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No recreant will that soldier prove,
In whose undaunted breast
The gentler thoughts of woman's love
With martial ardours rest.
And to this faith, thus rudely told,
Green Erin's warrior bow'd,
As e'er did palladin of old,
To war and beauty vow'd.
Nor he alone. The strain that spoke
Of War and Love's devotion,
Within another breast awoke
A long immur'd emotion;
That like a cloud-envelop'd star,—
A gem by darkness rusted,—
The harsh fierce gusts and drifts of war
Had shrouded and incrusted.
And as the low but love-fraught strain
In that dark hovel died,
A wanderer from the Border plain
In murmur'd tones replied.
'Twas strange within that hovel drear,
With war's impending horrors near,
Those simple doric notes to hear,
To list the vocal flow
Of sad but holy home-love, blent
With chivalrous and brave intent,
And thoughts on battle's conflict bent,
And the deadly combat's throe.

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Border Rifleman's Song.

When I left our auld glen the young gowans were springing,
The lav'rocks and linties their first love lilts singing;
And the wee merry robin, beside our door stane,
Sang a chant o' delight that the winter was gane.
There was gladness an' glee amang bird, beast, an' men,
When the slogan o' glory rang through our auld glen.

Clear rang the bold summons ower heath, height, an' wold,
An' our Border lads raise like their faithers o' old,
Whan ilka peel-turret its beacon-light bore,
An' they changed the herd's crook for the spear or claymore.
Naught could hinder or stay them, or daunten them, when
The proud slogan o' glory rang through our auld glen.

Though my faither look'd stern, I ken weel he was sad,
An' my mother grat sair for her ne'er-dae-weel lad;
An' though through the tears in my Peggy's blue e'en
The light o' her heart-love could hardly be seen,
Yet I fand nae misgiein', nae heart-sinkin', when
The proud slogan o' glory rang through our auld glen.

Nor yet am I cow'd though the path to renown,
The road to distinction an victory's crown,
Has been bluidy and lang, and may bluidier be,
Ere the warld frae the grasp o' the Despot is free;
An' I'll fecht for my country as cheerfu' as when
The proud slogan o' glory first rang through our glen.

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Scarce had the Borderer's matin song,
Mingled the groaning winds among,
Than from the ungazzetted throng
Of clay couch'd heroes, came
A bolder lay. A veteran hoary,
Despising love's sweet rose-leaved story,
Troll'd forth a stave of martial glory,
A chant of warlike fame.
In sooth, 'twas fitter prologue far,
To the dire tragedy of war—
A prelude meeter ushering in
The raging conflict's thundering din—
And more in unison it rang,
With pealing trumpet's slaughter-clang,
Than song of love's endearments showing,
Like halcyon gleams of brightness flowing,
From heaven's pure almonry of pity. More
Atuned to death's carousal roar,
On stricken field, than cheerful lay
That the world-weary sufferer's way
Sooths with a brief returning ray
Of young existence, fresh and bright,
Ere sin and sorrow dimm'd its light.
And loudly, proudly, to the bold,
His reckless lay the Saxon troll'd.

The English Veteran's Song.

Hurrah for Merrie England! though within her belt of sea
No home, nor hold, in town or grange, she longer has for me;

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Yet for the land that gave me birth, I'll fight while fight
I may,
And spend for her my latest breath in battle's stormy day.
And though on bloody field, my boys,
Tomorrow sees us lie,
To her foes we'll never yield, my boys,
Nor from them turn or fly;
But wherever we meet them, we'll beat them, or die.

Fight for Merrie England bravely! for the land where
Freedom lightens,
Though there for me affection's eye no longer mourns
or brightens;
Though for my fall no tear will dim the joy of woman's
glance,
I'll face the untamed Tartar's spear, or the savage
Cossack's lance!
Aye, though in Britain's cause, my boys,
On gory bier we lie,
In the fight we'll never pause, my boys,
Nor from our foemen fly;
But wherever we meet them, we'll beat them, or die.

March for Merrie England proudly! mighty heart-pulse
of the world,
Never let her stainless banners, save in victory, be furl'd;
In her ranks there are no fliers, 'mong her files are
wav'rers none,
When the trial hour approaches, and the strife of men
draws on;
Ne'er a coward will be found, my boys,
When our cheers rise thunder high;

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For we'll yield no foot of ground, my boys,
Nor from our foemen fly;
But wherever we meet them, we'll beat them, or die!

Strike for Merrie England boldly! never shrink, boys, from the strife,
Who would shun a death of glory for an age of coward life?
Better far our hardy brotherhood in danger's hour maintain'd,
And the camp's free-hearted fellowship when victory is gained,
And the field is strewn with spoil, my boys,
And the wine cup brimming high,
Rewards our fiery toil, my boys,
And freedom's foemen fly!
For wherever we meet them, we'll beat them, or die!

Thus did he sing in his reckless glee,
As the petrel sings on the bounding sea,
When tempest wrack and whirlwind's sweep
Upheave his stormy home, the deep;
Loudly he sang in his jovial pride,
As if for him there were nought beside,
Of rapture, save the onset shout;
Or heart-joy, save the charge and rout;
Or ecstacy of soul, save found
In tumult of the battle-ground.

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THE SURPRISE.

The sentinel's eye has heavy grown, for his watch was
was long and cold,
And he sees not the foe through the film fatigue on
his weary sight has roll'd,
But his manly Saxon heart is firm, his yeoman's arm
is bold,
And little he recks that soldier wight,
For the host of the grisly Muscovite.

The long dark watch, and the hissing rain, deceives the
sentinel's ear,
Which, lull'd by its drowsy fall, detects no foeman's foot-
fall near,
But he lovingly huggeth his rifle good, with its bayonet
sharp and clear,
And dreaming of some lov'd far-off land,
Little he recks of foes at hand.

But a scout is nigh with a sleepless eye and vig'lant ear
awake,
And he glideth about on his darksome route, as creepeth
the wary snake,
And that keen patrol is aware of a roll, like the crush of
a faint earthquake;
And he bends his head 'mong the rank grass damp,
To list if 'twere some ambush tramp.

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Then the scout of the night felt a quiver light, like a throb through the heathy sod,
As the conscious soil would fain recoil from the pain of a hated load;
And he sweareth this oath, "By faith and troth, that sound doth an enemy bode,
But if treachery wins its base design,
I vow the fault shall not be mine."

Back through marsh and morass then to his outpost fast he flies:
Nor less than need for the deer-like speed with which he camp-ward hies;
Should he slacken the pace of his fleet foot-race, ere the sluggish morn arise,
Yon slavish hordes from regions frozen,
Will glut their hate to freedom's chosen.

On that cold bleak dawn of fate,
Vindictive, gloomy, yet elate,
The fiendish chooser of the dead,
Had his dusky pinions spread,
O'er the fearless and the bold,
Singing of home's endearments;
Who, long ere noon, will, stark and cold,
Lie in gory cerements.
Aye, and cast his glance malign,
That ne'er knew ruth's repenting,
And made the pallid fatal sign,
That ne'er felt love's relenting,
On the brave ones as they slumber'd,
And his ghostly beadroll number'd.

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DAY OF INKERMANN.

But mine is not the muse to tell
Their deeds who nobly fought and well,
In mountain pass, and gorge, and dell,
Of Inkermann the gory.
Minstrels whose fame the earth doth zone,
Must chronicle such deeds alone,
Of those who dauntless died upon
That morn of grief and glory.
Who faced an 'twere but the summer breath
Of the breeze that fans their native heath,
The rushing sulphurous gale of death,
That rends the thick mist tow'ring;
And dared an 'twere but the day dawn beam,
Gilding the waves of their native stream,
The red artillery's lurid gleam,
And its iron hail-storm pouring.
The angel of death toil'd long that day,
And, piled in heaps, his booty lay.
It were frightful to tell, and piteous to hear,
Such sights of woe, and such sounds of fear,
As cover'd the earth, and fill'd the air,
As he plied his terrible falchion there.
Amidst fire that scath'd like the lightning's wing,
And the swift hot show'r the vollies fling,
Bravely and loud their war shouts ring,
And foot to foot they fight.

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And though by tenfold numbers met,
And the grass with the noblest blood was wet,
Our unnamed heroes combat yet,
Nor dream of fear or flight.
No heraldry of war was there,
No banners stream'd on the misty air,
No waving plumes or loud fanfare
Of music's cheering blast;
But sternly group'd each compact band,
Amidst that hurtling tempest stand,
Nor swerved one step, but proudly grand,
Defied it to the last.

At length 'twas o'er—that waste of life—
And waned the affrighted day,
And the wrecks and ruins of the strife,
In ghastly fragments lay;
And on the dying and the dead,
On mangled heap and cluster,
The gentle moon in sorrow shed
A wan and fitful lustre.
At length 'tis o'er—Death's carnival—
In glen and dark ravine,
And the tracery of the moonbeams fall
On the wild disorder'd scene.

Now hush'd the warrior's conquering cry;
And hearts where valour mantled high
At dawn, now cold and frigid lie,
As the dead of a thousand years.

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But from that wide ensanguined bed,
Where rest those mute, immortal dead,
Fame rears her halo-circled head,
Eternal as the spheres.
And though no funeral pageants wave,
Nor requiem volley for the brave
Resounds above the warrior's grave,
Nor wailing music's chime,
To that red heath—lost bravery's urn—
Ever will glory's incense burn,
And all who worship Fame will turn
To the last hour of time.

Long years of blazon'd glory wait
The conqu'ror's deed, the hero's fate;
And though the tale outlast the sun
That speaks of great achievements done,
And though through Night's extended reign
We gladly list the thrilling strain,
Whose jubilant exulting swell
Of victory's proud triumphs tell;
We turn with shrinking look away,
When sorrow clouds the minstrel's lay:
Brief then this simple rhyme shall be
Of ungazetted misery.

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NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.

On that red field were many lying,
Wounded, mutilated, dying,
Born to luxury and splendour,
Titles, adulation, grandeur;
On whose forms so gently nurst,
Now the unheeded tempests burst;
And many lay whose hardy forms
Were nurtured 'mid misfortune's storms,
And yet for whom will mothers mourn,
Or maidens pine for their return,
With grief as true as that which falls
For the young heir of courtly halls.
Now comes the hour of violation—
Now speeds the work of desecration,
'Neath Night's sable curtain spread,
O'er the unresisting dead!
Now a base and fiendish crew
Their worse than bravo deeds pursue—
Detested felons, mankind's stain,
Like vampires wander 'mong the slain.
Not in the dark and monstrous roll
Of human guilt's black letter scroll,
Stands there a sin so deep as this,
To shut out from the book of bliss:
To theirs, the assassin's hands are pure,
And harmless seems the wrecker's lure

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Set on the reef or treacherous raft,
To wile to death the storm beat-craft.
Accursed be the abhorrent slave
That preys upon the fallen brave!

But not alone such crimes are done,
Upon the field of victory won,
On which when told, in shuddering fear,
We close the eye and shut the ear;
For there 'mid sights, which seen, destroy,
As lightning blasts the leaves,
The memory of full years of joy,
And brain and bosom cleaves:
Love's true devoted votaries glide
Amongst the livid piles,
But chief where thickest, side by side,
Lay our unyielding files.
And there affection's quivering grasp
The stiffen'd forms of dear ones clasp,
And upward to the moon's cold streak,
Turns in dread doubt the pallid cheek,
Wiping away with trembling hand
The gather'd stains of blood and sand,
And folding back with anxious care,
From the soil'd brow the matted hair,
To end those doubts in black despair.

See yonder wild and hapless maiden,
With fear distraught and terror laden,
Alone and unattended, flying
From pile to pile of dead and dying.

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And though her eyes from each sad sight,
Recoil'd in horror and affright,
Yet, even in trembling fear's despite,
As near some group of slain she pass'd,
Would, shuddering and reluctant, cast
A wild and fear bewilder'd glare,
On every ghastly visage there;
Though she sought one whom thus to see
She knew her own death doom would be.
Well she had lov'd, and love's fond sway
Had lured her from her home away,
From wealth's repose, and station high,
And glittering rank and luxury.

O Love! in wealth's luxurious bow'r,
What is thy cognizance of pow'r?
A garland for a lady's breast,
A plume to gleam on knightly crest,
A zone of roses gaily 'twin'd,
Or scarf of silken joys to bind;—
A dream, a courtesy, a gem,
In youth's romantic diadem;
A very sunbeam on the flow'rs,
O Love! art thou in guarded bow'rs!
O Love! in dark misfortune's hour
What then the symbols of thy pow'r?
A beacon light that waneth never,—
A bond not even guilt can sever,—
A triple shield of proof to cover
The breast o'er which disasters hover,—
A faith suspicion fails to shake,
Envy dissolve, or malice break,—

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A rainbow when the storm-clouds lour,
Art thou in grim misfortune's hour!

Thy pow'r, thy aid, fair Ellen knew,
As o'er the battle field she flew,
Like some fair messenger of light,
That from heav'n's azure portals bright,
Her golden pinions folds to rest,
'Midst relics of a demon's feast!
At length from her sad quest she stood,
Where thick the glorious "Guards" were strew'd,
Beside her lov'd one now, alas,
Unconscious, cold to love's caress!
That blacken'd brow! can that be him?
Those mangled limbs be his?
Are those the lips, now swoll'n and grim,
That thine so late did kiss?
That clotted hair, that blood-soil'd breast,
Those arms distort and torn?
Heav'ns! was't this shapeless mass you prest
So lovingly at morn?
Is that the lordly form that once
So stately trode, and free;
Whose every glad and love-fraught glance,
Was light of life thee!
The very wolf-dog's savage brood
That o'er their banquet growl,
Would hardly deign to take for food
A thing so rank and foul.
Yet all night long beside that corse,
Fair Ellen cowering lay,

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Whilst o'er her head the vultures hoarse,
Were screaming for their prey:
All night beside his wintry bier,
Fair Ellen cowering bent;
For that despair that yields no tear,
Nor sigh, nor loud lament,
And that wild frenzy, mastering fear,
A maniac courage lent.

But when again the morning pale
Dispelled night's dreary sombre veil,
Behold another sacrifice
On glory's envied altar lies,—
Another victim bleeds upon
Renown's red monumental stone;
Another "deed of dreadful note,"
War's dread and fatal archives blot—
Beside her soldier in his gore,
Fair Ellen sleeps, to wake no more!

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THE FATE OF THE BRAVE.

When Britain's matchless warriors dared the battle of the world,
And Freedom's flag emblazon'd with St George's cross unfurl'd,
In sunshine or in darkness, on the plain or rocky height,
They met, as blithe as banquet guests, their foes in manly fight;
And the humblest in those hardy ranks, for gallantry might claim
The death renown of Cathcart, or the Campbell's living fame.
And when with unblench'd cheeks they stood, and brows upraised and bold,
Defying in the fiery strife all foes of mortal mould,
Though hot and keen the contest, as the pent volcano's flame,
Valour and dauntless bravery dared all, and all o'ercame.
With bearing high, and hearts a-glow, in manhood's ardent flush,
Their admiring country saw them to the incessant conflict rush,
Beheld them, like the ocean surge, continuous onward roll'd,
And dash'd in blood-red foam against the tyrant's granite hold;

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And we wept them, almost worshipp'd them, the relics of the brave,
That strewed in death the rampart's base at each receding wave.
Though high the price, the prize was vast, the sum of life was paid,
And dear life-blood the offering was, the sacrifice was made.
Though hearts were rent with poignant grief, no tears that grief reveal'd,
For those who died fell gloriously on Freedom's battle-field.
Scarce to the grateful nation had the tidings forced their way,
Of Liberty's first triumph won in Alma's glorious fray,
And of that desperate deed of arms, the fearful death-charge led,
And the still deadlier slaughter done on Inkermann the dread,
Shedding upon our ancient fame a radiance new and bright,
A fresh sunburst of splendour from renown's ensanguin'd light;
Than in its glow strange shapes of woe, seen duskier in its lustre,
Of fever gaunt, and lean cold want, in hall and homestead muster;
Ev'n when the full high clangour of a people loudest roll'd,
And in dread admiration of their peerless army told;
When tales of valorous daring done in battle's furious tide,
Made even the mother's heart forego its grief in fearful pride,—

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Joy's proudest, most triumphant shout, and loud exulting cry,
Sinks into sorrow's sad lament and low desponding sigh;
And victory's diapason chime, resounding far and near,
Subsides in the deep moan of woe, and shuddering wail of fear;
And all our cheerful pæans, for the glorious harvest reap'd,
Were changed to the sad plaint and prayer of hearts in anguish steep'd;
And where rejoicing banners stream'd, like sunbeams on the air,
Waved, dark as clouded midnight, soon, the sables of despair.
Scarce on the nation burst the flash of glory's crimson rays,
And all the land grown resonant with proud heroic lays,
Ere that red gleam, like fever dream, grew sombre hued and dim,
And the rapt song of triumph changed to pale distraction's hymn;
Scarce hope had nestled down again beside the cottage fire,
And in the lordly hall essay'd to tune her cheerful lyre,
And rose-leaved visions soothed the breast that sever'd kindred wring,
And nigh dispell'd the sad heart-gloom that parting moments bring;
Ere hollow whisp'ring gusts arose, like sounds on summer noon,
That usher the destruction of the fiery breath'd typhoon,
Till burst in terrible detail the wild terrific tale,
Of pest, and toil, and wretchedness, and hideous famine pale;

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And in the home of industry, as in the courtly tower,
Again the woe wan shadows of distress and misery lower,
At tales of squalid suff'ring, 'twere infamy to name,
That in the endurer sear at once the love of life and fame.
Whilst at the solemn minster shrine the incense floats to heav'n,
And grateful pray'r and pious rite, for meed of victory giv'n;
And from the full harmonious choir, exultant anthems ring,
Wafting the heart's devotion upon music's soaring wing,
For those proud fields we celebrate, what tears of anguish flow,—
What breaking hearts abjure the strain beneath affliction's throe,—
What requiems drear for lost ones dear of rent affections tell,—
What dirge-like tones a burthen moans to yon cathedral swell!
For the brave, alas, have perish'd! but not as the brave should die,
In the ranks of battle, charging with bold heart and fearless eye,
Foot to foot with foes contending for the palm of victory
To the last!
Heaps of mouldering human ruins, they have sunk into the clay;
Stricken down by sordid famine, all our braves are "wede away;"
Crumbling wrecks of noble structures in the gangrene of decay,
They have pass'd.

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WHAT FOUGHT THEY FOR?

What fought they for, our noble hearts, with unexampled daring?
Why squander'd was the nation's wealth and dearest life unsparing?
Why that expense of valour, and profuse display of bravery?
Was it to wipe away from earth the burning stain of slavery,
And down-trod nations from their thrall of wretchedness deliver,
And tyranny's steel-plated league and brotherhood dissever,
And plant green Freedom's standard on Oppression's sterile grave?
If not, then ye have died in vain, O peerless ones and brave!

Why that tremendous sacrifice of courage true and tried,
As e'er the fiery war-path trode, yet ungazetted died?
Have unnamed thousands sunk beneath the cannon's deadly show'r,
To rescue outraged peoples from the insolence of pow'r;
Hopeless of fame themselves, have died, that freedom's hope might brighten,
And Poland's long eclipsed star with new effulgence lighten;
And from the clasp and felon grasp of iron bondage save?
If not, then ye have died in vain, O peerless ones and brave!

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Why for the Sabbath hour of peace, its sacred calm and quiet,
Were rous'd again war's ban-dog train of slaughter, spoil, and riot?
Had the hour of retribution dawn'd? were the chimes of vengeance booming?
Heard drooping Hungary at length her arch-usurper's dooming?
Did the battle's death-rain sweep the earth, its scathing hail-blast smite,
To avenge her sea of injuries, her gulph of wrongs to right?
Was't this fair gem in Freedom's helm ye fought and fell to save?
If not, then ye have died in vain, O peerless ones and brave!

What bled ye for, what toil'd ye for, in yon plague-tainted clime?
And calmly, sternly, deeds achieve that match the "dread sublime?"
Why dare the yell of the Norsemen fell, as 'twere some revel shout?
Why sought your swords yon savage hordes to slaughter and to rout?
Was your glorious aim in the gallant game, from bandit hands to wrest
The torn and trampled honours of Italia's ancient crest,
And her freedom crucified, evoke from its ignominious grave?
If not, then ye have died in vain, O peerless ones and brave!

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EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF WAR.

The long tempestuous night of War at length has pass'd
away,
And the dawning morn of Peace appears, though faint
and cold her ray,
And Azreel ceases his prey to number,
His furies rest, his harpies slumber;
For the battle's rage is turn'd to sport, the deadly strife
to play.

Now revelry and glee resounds where late War's thunder
peal'd,
And o'er the unsightly relics of the leaguer and the field,
Peace wanly smiles, like the wintry streak
Of the sun on a riven glacier's peak,
So faint, so undefin'd as yet, the goddess stands re-
veal'd.

Sleep now, and take your rest, brave souls! the game of
war is o'er,
The diplomatic oracles require your swords no more,
And omnipotent Lord Protocol
Has canonized on parchment roll
The hundred thousand warriors that are resting in their
gore.

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Twice twelve long months the tornade, like the maelstrom, fiercely roar'd
O'er frightened Christendom, and shook her ancient thrones ador'd;
But, like some necromancer's sign,
Sir Pen has trac'd the potent line,
And from that chaos flood fair order is restor'd.

Break up the camps, forsake the lines, the cry is, "Homeward, ho!"
The pleasantry of Farce succeeds the tragedy of Woe;
For those who sketch'd each harrowing scene,
Upon the drama drop the screen,
And all, save hearts and homes made dark, return to "*statu quo.*"

Upon their thrones the despots sit, securely as before;
And dynasties with blackest guilt polluted to the core,
With a confirm'd tenacious grasp,
Oppression's iron sceptre clasp,
And poor deceived Democracy adjusts his chains once more.

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A TALE OF A LEAGUER.

Within each pillar'd temple lurks a wild and furious crowd,
And every marble palace rings with curse and clamour loud;
Each sacred mosque's tall minaret its savage hordes contain,
Who mock at creed and ritual, and every rite profane.
Every tribe and caste commingle, Brahmin, Moslem, and Parsee,
Haggard Fakir, insane Marabout, and scowling dark Ghazee;
From the rajpoot slim and impish, to the ryot grim and gaunt,
There is now no bond of union, save the murderer's covenant:
The sepoy whets his yataghan, the sowar grinds his spear,
To sack and loot the fortress of the stout old Brigadier!

With the few whom fate of war had left, and pestilence had spared,
To Lucknow's shatter'd fortalice the Brigadier repair'd:
No trumpet pealed, no bugle rang, no drum beat its chamade,
But, like a fun'ral cortege, all were mute, though undismay'd:

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A cloud lay on each sun-burnt brow, and gloom was in each eye;
But each heart was honour's goblet, and with valour brimming high.
"Soldiers! your courage must not droop, your manly vigour wane!
The stoutest bark afloat may drive before the hurricane:
Reverses are true valour's test!" thus spoke in accents clear,
To his few but brave companions, the undaunted Brigadier!

"What though in the ascendant rides Rebellion's baneful star,
And partial success sheds upon the inglorious traitors' war;
Though treason foul as a loathsome ghoul, that gloats on charnel prey,
A fitful gleam awhile may seem to win of barb'rous sway:
Though the lotus flower with witching pow'r has faith and truth unthroned,
And the weirdly dread of the mystic bread has sever'd league and bond;—
Though from our side in treason's tide have sank the good and true;—
Still alone, alone, we will battle on, mine own right trusty few,
And win the strife, or forfeit life, but sell that life full dear,
For I read you well for brave men all!" said the stout old Brigadier.

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"I charge ye by the mercy which ye hope to win above,
And by the unstain'd honour of the mothers whom ye love,
By the sisters ye would shelter from dishonour's blighting clasp,
On peril of your souls, to guard from swart pollution's grasp,
Yon true devoted heroines! Sirs, as ye are men this day,
I adjure ye by their manes, destroy'd in this detested fray,—
And by the far-off green churchyards wherein your fathers rest,
And that home-love that but with life forsakes the patriot's breast,—
And by Her name whose throne ye guard, whose fame ye hold so dear,
Defend them whilst a man remains!" cried the stout old Brigadier.

"Enough for human feelings! Now for sterner work, my sons!
To your posts, and ply your rifles; charge the mortars, man the guns;
For leagues, like locusts, round us, our foes unnumber'd lie,—
Here, if we've barely space to fight, there is room enough to die!
But let no shot be wasted,—every ball must find its man,
When yon recreant caitiff rabble, pariah dogs of Hindostan"——
Now shook the earth, now shook the wall, and darkness veils the sun,

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And lightning flames spring suddenly from many a hidden gun;
And then the mine's volcano burst its dark confinement near
The frail decay'd defences of the stout old Brigadier.

As o'er stoccade and bastion the scathing meteors gush,
Then thousand sable mutineers from their concealments rush—
On, on they came, the smoke and flame were a fitting ambuscade;
But on to doom, and the sulphurous gloom was fitting curtain shade.
The red flames slack, the smoke rolls back, the swarthy band appear,
And a hail-storm falls from the riven walls!—They turn like frighten'd deer:
On every knoll black corpses roll, like scorpions in their lair,
Or on the scene from the breastwork's screen, the baffled traitors glare.
So constant faith dealt doom and death on the wolfish mutineer,
All honour to the comrades of the stout old Brigadier!

Now a flaming circle hems them in, and fierce and keener grew,
And swifter, deadlier, sharper, the incessant volley flew;
All day, as 'twere a brazen arch, the sky seem'd burning red,
And scarr'd and black the scorching soil quiver'd beneath their tread.

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All night the dank pestiferous dew upon their heads distill'd,
And the loaded air around them seem'd with steam of carnage fill'd;
And hovering near and nearer press'd the traitor's swarthy line,—
Then broke again the lava from the crater of the mine;
And like a torrent once again the dusky foe draws near,
To meet again the vengeance of the stout old Brigadier!

Through days of ceaseless combat, and long nights of sleepless ward,
Still the dauntless remnant struggled, still unflinching held their guard;
Though in each moment's toilsome lapse some new form'd horror rise,
And Death's unsightly shape assumes some more unseemly guise;
And though the swarming rebel host, like hydra legions round,
Seem'd springing from the slaughter'd heaps that cumber'd knoll and mound,
Still plied they well the rifle shower, and fed the cannon's wrath,
And sped the screaming fire-wing'd shell upon his deadly path;
Still with bold hearts and stalwart arms weilded the bay'net sheer,
Bravo! well done! bold comrades of the stout old Brigadier!

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Ladies of England's castle halls! pure as the dew-gemm'd flow'rs
That deck, in fragile loveliness, your safely shielded bow'rs,
Ask you whence all this waste of life and valour unsubdued?
Why at Death's porch, and daring him in high chivalrous mood,
Our warriors stand erect and firm, or in life's parting throe,
Their glazing eyes yet serve their aim to smite another foe?
Within that fiery ring-fence, in that leaguer's foul confine,
Are mothers with as loving hearts, and good and true as thine;
To save whom rolls the fusilade, uprises the bold cheer:—
All glory to the comrades of the stout old Brigadier!

O blooming maids of Erin! mirthful as you are fair,
Know you why unnamed heroes fought, and bled, and perish'd there?
As fights the woodland monarch in his royal solitude,
To avenge the wanton slaughter of his youthful princely brood;
As turns he on the hunter in his death defying pride,
To shield the life and freedom of his well loved desert bride:
So fought our fearless lion-hearts, for vengeance sharp and dire
As retribution's angel e'er flung from his hand of fire,
For Cawnpore's day of nameless guilt, and agony, and fear—
All glory to the comrades of the stout old Brigadier!

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Daughters of Scotia's cottage homes! sweet as the spring-day morn,
Ye sunbright joys to many hearts, that sorrow else had torn!
Needs there to you repeat the tale of Cawnpore's lurid shame,—
Needs there from you demand the meed of honour and of fame
For those whose weapons, wielded well, knew neither pause nor rest,
'Till every blade was bent and bow'd in a coward ruffian's breast;
'Till thickly strewn as leaves that fall before the monsoon's gust,
Thousands of dusky murderers lay quivering in the dust,
And the shout of victory skyward rose, all jubilant and clear,—
All glory to the comrades of the stout old Brigadier!

SEQUEL.

Three months of stern resistance have they pass'd within that hold,
Entwin'd, environ'd, circled in a fiery cordon's fold;
Hope of succour gone and faded, love of life itself departed,
Still allegiance paid to duty,—not a threaten'd post deserted,—
Peril shun'd,—or danger shrunk from,—by our bold and noble-hearted.

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Heav'n! and is there then no rescue! not a ray-light of assurance
For their unmatch'd resolution,—their unquenchable endurance?
Has all been sacrificed in vain on duty's gory fane!—
Thirst's burning misery endur'd, and fever's racking pain,
Despondency resisted, and the fell devouring pangs—
The cold dread clutch—the lank lean grasp—of haggard Famine's fangs?
Must they, then, die unaided, and such fearful ordeal pass'd!
And the ruins they defended be their sepulchre at last,
And none be left alive to tell their brav'ry and their woe?—
Farewell, then, gallant countrymen!——No, by the round world, no!——
Hark! booming in the distance,—like sweet Hope's angelic lyre,
Or the notes of Mercy chiming, or mild Pity's cherub choir,—
The deliverer's cannon opens, and his guns' enliv'ning voice
Bids the weary sleep in safety, and the mourning one rejoice!——
There's no harshness in that music! and its cadence on the air
Dispels from many a shuddering breast the torture of despair!
And the formless fear and horror,—the haunting unnamed dread
Of outrage worse than swiftest death,—the matron's heart hath fled,

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As the thunder's diapason grows more resonant and strong,
And the rifle's intonation bears a burden to its song!——
'Tis the Campbell who advances! See! his conquering banners wave!——
Smile once again, ye gentle ones! Bear up awhile, ye brave!——
Beating back the grim war-surges, like a stout ship on the main,
Lo! he comes o'er all victorious, with redemption in his train!——
See you not your bold deliverers!—How their nimble rifles flash!——
Hear you not their shouts triumphant,—as from post to post they dash,—
'Till the last stoccade is shiver'd! and they hail with welcome cheer
The bold true hearted comrades of the stout old Brigadier!

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THE BIRTH OF MAY.

Where do thy flow'rs their petals shade?
Where do thy bright young blossoms stay?
Under what spell,—in what frozen cell,
Are the sleeping forms of loveliness laid?
Where is the fragrant and fresh array
Should grace thy cradle couch, fair May?

Why lingers thy chosen train so long,
Ever so prized in minstrel's lay?
In what torpid cave,—in what frigid grave,
Slumber thy blest and beautiful throng?
Oh! where are the wreaths and garlands gay
Should adorn thy cradle couch, fair May?

No daisies shine on the meadows bleak,
Like stars in heaven's blue vaulted way,
And barren and brown is the mountain's crown;
Nor verdant gleams the valleys streak;
For sterile Winter yet holds sway
Around thy cradle couch, fair May!

As yet no veil of odorous bloom
Covers the lowly hawthorn's spray,
And sadly and chill,—and death-like still,
The woodlands all are wrapt in gloom:
There's scarce a leaf or blossom, to pay
Its court at thy cradle couch, fair May!

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And, from his low-laid home of love,
Scarce ventures the lark on his tuneful way,
For dark and dim, as a banner grim,
The frowning clouds yet hover above;
No wonted smiles sky nor earth display,
To hail thy cradle couch, fair May!

When, Month of promise, will thy dews
From Winter's grasp redeem the prey,
And forest glade, and hedge-row shade,
Give forth again their sunny hues,
And boughs, with pensile blossoms gay,
Festoon thy cradle couch, fair May?

I mourn thy lingering coming-on,
As lover the long'd-for one's delay;
For I still delight in thy advent bright,
Though years have harshly o'er me gone:
Woe's sharpest pain is charmed away
When I kneel at thy cradle couch, fair May!

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THE OLD MAN'S MAY.

Again I feel thy gentle breath, fair May, and bid thee hail!
On the sunny glistening mountain slope, and lone sequester'd vale,
Now thou hast set the hoary oak from Winter's thraldom free,
And the crimson cintur'd daisies strewn on meadow and on lea;
Now the languid willow's downy bud is mirror'd in the lake,
And high, like shields, the warrior broom his golden petals shake,
And fresh and verdant leaf and bloom are spread on down and dale:
Then, though my hair is grey, fair May, I gladly bid thee hail!

Now pinnacled in solitude, majestical, alone,
The eagle woos, right regally, a consort to his throne,
And the purblind dull misanthrope owl, albeit his sullen pride,
A love-note hoots in the old grey tow'r to greet his gloomy bride;
And up, mid floods of brilliance hid, the lark pours forth his song,
And the perking wren churms to his mate the hazel buds among;

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And joyous troops of swallows on ecstatic pinions sail:
Then, though my hair is grey, fair May, I gladly bid thee hail!

Although my blood flows slowly now, that erst did freely glide
Swift as a summer stream, with all its bright waves flashing wide;
And though my eyes, so lately bright, are dim and grief-worn now,
And Father Time has set his seal of furrows on my brow;
And years of painful wandering has left me friendless here,
A shatter'd wreck on life's cold main, all desolate and drear,
'Till like a helmless bark I drive before Misfortune's gale,
My heart, unsear'd, beats gladly yet, fair May, to bid thee hail!

What though thou seest me hov'ring, May, o'er the "cold narrow bed,"
I know thou wilt bring happiness to others in my stead;
Glad hearts will yet enjoy your smiles, when mine is cold as stone,
And blythesome eyes will greet your flow'rs, when light from mine is flown;
And gleeful childhood's guileless hands will pluck thy blossom'd store,
And revel in thy fragrant spoils, as I was wont of yore,
And many a loving tale be told beneath thy sylvan veil:
Then, though my days of love have fled, fair May, I bid thee hail!

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A MIDSUMMER DAY DREAM.

THERE is life and beauty everywhere,—the glory of the year,
The high noon-tide of Summer's pride, earth's jubilee, is here!
All Nature's fruitfulness and pow'r, her loveliness and might,
Glow in the fullest prime beneath Midsummer's regal light!
The hand of the Beneficent the waving fields attest;
The glance of the Supreme adorns and clothes the mountain's crest,
And a shining gorgeous halo sheds upon the woodlands green,
And all seems peace and love beneath Midsummer's glorious sheen.

Midsummer morn! How tenderly thy opening choral lay,
Like some old song, forgotten long, upon life's eerie way,
Recalls the memory of the past, when friends were leal and true,
And youthhood dawn'd, as thou dost now, in Nature's truthful hue,—
Recalls the tones of loving ones, (alas, for ever still'd!)
Whose simple strains long, long of yore, the soul of childhood thrill'd!
When sounds of gladness meet my ear, and glorious music floats

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From verdant spray and coppice gay, affection's dulcet notes;
I cannot choose but feel again, as when my heart was young,
Although, since then, much care and grief that heart hath sorely wrung!
Oh, I love to stand on the rocky strand, when morn unveils the sea,
And hearken the chime of its tones sublime, and eternal melody,
And, again a child, in its cadence wild to listen the mermaiden sing,
And, in the cell of the spiral shell, the sea nymph's love song ring,—
'Till the ceaseless strain of that awful main has manhood's pride effaced,
And musings strange, on fancy's range, have wondrous shadows traced,—
Till, again a boy, in fearful joy, I'm lost in its mystery,—
When the morning gleam of thy placid beam unveils the summer sea.

Midsummer noon! Over the earth the glorious orb is wheeling,
And a pathway meet for a seraph's feet on the joyful world revealing;
And the tow'ring oak's green tracery beneath its splendour lightens,
And the wayside thorn, leaf, bough, and stem, in its refulgence brightens.
Thy noonday sun the gay parterre with iris colours fill,
With beauteous hues the modest flowers upon the cottage sill,

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And tints with gold the lake's pure breast, with crimson fire the stream:
There is gladness over all the plain in that right regal beam!
Where is the spot on earth doth not receive a charm from thee?
Or the living thing that care doth wring, whose grieving doth not flee
When flow'r and fruit and fragrant shoot, the field and forest dress,
In the bridal hour of Nature's pow'r, with Nature's loveliness?
Hark! the noonday hymn of the blackbird trim, and the thrush's carolling,
And the linnet mild,—sweet music's child,—and the lark on buoyant wing,
His clear love song, the clouds among, to his glad mate earthward flings;
And the wren, unseen, from his lichen screen, a chirping roundel sings;
E'en the speckled jay a tuneless lay in his full heart-gladness utters;
And the vagrant rook, with his sly side look, his hoarse rejoicing mutters:
Then what wretched thing can sorrow wring mid Nature's noontide splendour?
Or what alloy the general joy 'neath the bright noon's regal grandeur?

Midsummer eve! How lovingly, how gently dost thou fall,
When "things of day begin to drowse," and the flow'rs are drooping all:

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E'en the sunflow'r bold, with his brow of gold, and bright and burnish'd eye,
Bendeth his crest to the flaming West in adoration high;
And the wild curlew, with plumage blue, pipes a weirdly minstrelsie;
And the bat doth twine, with eldritch whine, round the bare time-blasted tree;
And the owlet grave his wizard stave is chaunting all alone;
And, with eerie sound, the beetle round his spectral flight hath flown;
And the laggard bee doth homeward flee from his quest among the flow'rs,
And a requiem lay to the parting day in drowsy murmur pours.
Oh, place me then on a lone hill-side, beneath thy twilight shades,
When o'er the sky bright stars look forth, in beauty that never fades,—
Then, as the silver moon illumes the placid silent gloom,
Let the lost, but lov'd, the prized and mourn'd, on mem'ry's twilight loom;
And give me back, through life's sad track, a glimpse of youthhood's day,
Ere the heart knew the world's mildew, or blooming Hope's decay;
And let me dream again the theme romantic childhood loved,
Of a home afar in some glittering star, from grief and pain removed,
And deathless flow'rs 'mong aerial bow'rs, and scenes of fairy joy,
That the roar and strife of mortal life could never more destroy;

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READINGS FROM OCTOBER LEAVES.

I.

Ancient October! motley suited sexton,
Tolling thy storm-bell for the verdant slain;
Writing with wrinkled hand their burial text on
The stain'd smirch'd desolation of the plain;
Slayer and burier of fair Summer's train,
We greet thy haunted shadows dim and drear,
We list thy rolling symphonies again,—
The sad Sicilian Vespers of the year,—
As music meet to sound by dying Nature's bier!

II.

O sacred Nature! gracious are thy preachings,
And truthful far beyond all mortal teachings;
For in the mute but sadly solemn writing,
Graven on the earth and sky at Heav'n's inditing,
Even when thy summer glories are departing,
There lies a balm for sorrow's keenest smarting.
What read we on the mountain's misty altar,
Rob'd in the mournful beauty of decay?
What hear we in the forest's broken psalter,
Melting in fitful melodies away?—

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"Scriptures, if rightly conn'd,
A homily respond
Might Pride rebuke, and Passion's storms allay,
Fragments of anthems ton'd
To bosoms that despond,
Charming the fiend of anguish from his prey."

Forth from the mists of eve that all things shadow,
Garden and copse, the woodlands and the meadow,
Faint music issuing, floats like sacred tunings,
As if the dying flow'rs held sweet communings;
Grieving, but not despairing, as their wreathes
Their last expiring sigh of fragrance breathes.
What learn we from this requiem of the bright,
Drooping in peace into their cradle tomb?—
"That a fate, all painless,
Hath met the stainless,
Ere Winter's malice adds its horrors on their doom."
What in this liturgy, if read aright,
Is there to soothe the soul beset with gloom?—
"The innocent are blest,
Departing to their rest,
Ere the world's guilt hath soil'd their youthful bloom."

III.

The shrivell'd boughs their leaves no longer cherish,
Yet with no shriek of hopeless fear they perish;
Nor when their verdant brotherhood is broken,
Do we behold lost guilt's despairing token;

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But on the sward as gently fall their numbers
As mother's kisses on her infant's slumbers.
What see we in the oak tree's ruin'd column,
Stript by October's rude and stern achieving?—
"An athlete yare,
With strong arms bare,
Still dauntless, ev'n though fate is past retrieving."
What in the leaves of Nature's shatter'd volume
Will buttress faith 'gainst Providence' bereaving?
"Oh! the old leaf sere,
Like a true friend's tear,
Consoles and soothes the mourner's grieving."

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BURNS' CENTENARY FESTIVAL.

My native land! full often have ye been
  Unconquer'd Freedom's glorious battle-plain,
When from the shaggy glen or dark ravine,
  (Nature's sequester'd lone romantic fane,)
Our fathers rush'd with ready glaive and brand,
To die, or free their own green Northern land.

But now no fell invader treads thy heath,
  Nor arm you now to break Oppression's thrall,
No trumpet's fanfare, pursuivant of death,
  Summons the eagle to its carnival;
And yet, in hall and cot, in grange and sheiling,
Scotia! thy ancient gathering song is pealing.

The spirit of my Country wakes, and high
  Throbs her bold bosom with exultant throe,
The joy-flame lightens in her bright blue eye,
  And lustrous on her brow proud memories glow!
She strikes her harp with rapt ecstatic hand
To "Auld lang syne!" all jubilant and bland.

Through time's tempestuous vista backward borne,
  A gulph of histories, eventful,—strange,—

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A lapse with War's red surges rent and torn,—
  Thrones, dynasties o'erthrown, her wild notes range,
'Till from that dissonance she turns away
To hail her "Peasant Poet's" natal day.

Of "Auld lang syne" her dulcet harpings tell,
  And, oh! though homely seems the descant strain,
What Scottish breast that hears it doth not swell
  As with Devotion's rapt and pure refrain,
And for a while, how transient or how brief,
Does not become assoil'd from care and grief?

And "Auld lang syne" beheld the midnight hour
  Of Scotland's Muse; when every venal bard—
Bond-slave of swollen wealth and crested pow'r,
  A servile lyre tuned for a slave's reward,—
Saw Talent crouching at a lordling's heel,
And Genius chain'd beside his chariot wheel.

A hundred years ago, and all was gloom!
  The cottage-mind was dark as midnight waste,
Bleak ignorance and toil the peasant's doom,
  Like the blind Cyclop, still one round he trac'd:
No bard for him achieved the grateful lay,
To guide his soul in Love or Glory's way.

But "Auld lang syne" beheld the darkness rend,
  The glorious almonry of Heav'n unseal'd,
And from the bright empyrean descend
  A gem of "pure cerulean ray" reveal'd,—
A germ of love, and joy, and song entwin'd,
  And in a peasant's mud-wall'd cot enshrin'd!

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Beheld, as Winter, turbulent and wild,
Howl'd forth a tempest anthem fierce and long,
The auspicious birth of Scotland's best lov'd child,
Her future Bruce of Poesy and Song,
Who in his brilliant brief career, set free
His country's desecrated minstrelsie!

Beheld the chosen infant's brow suffus'd
With Fame's baptismal sigil from above,
And with his heart's first throb of life infused
The deathless germ of Poetry and Love;
And all his yet unconscious being dower'd
With the ethereal essence earthward shower'd.
* * * * * * * *

Over Old Caledon, from shore to shore,
His lyre hath every cot and homestead charm'd;
Her stalwart peasantry are serfs no more;
New forms of thought have peer and rustic warm'd,
And slave and sot, the tyrant's safest prey,
The Poet's generous sentiments obey.

Within the city's densest peopled nook,
Where'er the toiling thousand thickest muster,
Where scarce a wayward sunbeam deigns to look,
And where swart labour's hardy children cluster—
Even there his verse, like Orpheus' fabled song,
Melts, soothes, and gladdens the unletter'd throng.

Not, as Aurora over lake and lawn
Mildly and slow her silver tracery lays;

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Not as Spring's beauteous heraldry is drawn,
  Presaging Summer's flush'd and fruitful days;
But like high noon, a solstice burning bright,
He fill'd the land with floods of Genius' light!

Not as the beacon-fires at morning sink;
  Not as the clouds at Summer gloaming fly;
Not as the flow'rs from Autumn torrents shrink;
  Not as the forest leaves decay and die;
But in his fame's meridian glory drest,
Death seiz'd the mortal, Heav'n reclaim'd the rest!

But him, whose fame nor morn nor eve endur'd,
  Nor youthhood's flush, nor eld's decripitude,
But like a planet vast, sublime, matur'd,
  All will-o'-wisp delusive lights subdued;
Escap'd not fell Detraction's jaundiced glance,
Nor the sharp thrusts of Envy's poison'd lance.

Yes! him whose deathless minstrelsie awoke
  In rudest bosoms feelings warm and kind;
Whose muse the chains of servile custom broke,
  And from its pow'r redeem'd a nation's mind;
Fanatic Vengeance, serpent-like, assail'd,
Whilst zealots scoff'd, and scowling bigots rail'd.

O'er the green straths, and rugged mountain crests,
  On the red heath, and glitt'ring loch and stream,
Where'er the murmur of his numbers rests,
  New verdure springs, and fresher beauties gleam:
Yet 'gainst his freedom-fraught and patriot themes,
Ignoble Malice, like a vulture, screams.

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He whose love-labour, through a lapse of years
Hath made pale Sorrow's wan cheek smile again,
And eyes, that ached with wakefulness and tears,
In Resignation's peace forget their pain;—
Felt, keenly felt, ere yet the death-rest found him,
Want, and Neglect, and Misery, surround him!

But, now, when Time, the avenger, has refin'd
The immortal ore from hate and envious rust,
And all the invidious reptile tribe consigned
To sleep, unnamed, amid oblivion's dust,
The jewel of his fame, from stains annealed,
In pure unclouded lustre stands revealed!

Well done, mine own lov'd Land! For auld lang syne,
Hence sacredly your Poet's glory guard!
And, like your cherish'd household gods, enshrine
The worth and honour of the Peasant Bard;
Nor e'er, "whilst Terra on her axis turns,"
Forego allegiance to the fame of BURNS!

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A PICTURE OF LIFE.

The Future seem'd a fairy view,
When opening youth its blossom threw
On the sunny curls in the yellow hair
Of a boy as blythe as the morning air,
And the shining tresses raven dark
Of a girl as gay as the morning lark.
No bodings dimmed their early years,
Of future griefs or future tears;
No dreaded hour of coming woes
In their young dream of love arose.
They knew not, nor would reck though known,
How others' hopes and joys had flown:
They saw not, nor would reck though seen,
How others' loves had blighted been:
The Future seem'd love's fairy bower,
All summer sunshine, bloom, and flower:
In sooth, it was a dream of joy,
The childhood of that heedless boy:
'Twas like the poet's reverie bright,
Who curbs not his vigil's wild delight
  By the midnight taper burning,
Though his dreams of a high,—a world-wide fame,
May fade and die like that taper's flame,
  In the flash of the sun's returning.

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And the young life of that dark hair'd maid
Was like a sweet fantasia, play'd
When all the orchestra is mute
Save one melodious dulcet lute,
That warbling onward flies,
Until the boundless joyous strain,
As a limpid streamlet in the main,
In the flood of music dies.

But childhood waned in youth's clear flush,
As the mild dawn fades in the morning's blush,
And strange thoughts came with advancing day;
And the stripling bow'd beneath their sway.
He had read of the world in his rural home,
And long'd 'mong its wonderous scenes to roam:
He was told of the deeds the brave had done,
And he burn'd for the strife where fame is won.
He ponder'd the tales of the fierce Corsair,
Free as the ocean, and wild as the air,
In his proud ship, king of the bounding deep,—
And he long'd, like him, o'er its surge to sweep:
And of lands he had heard, whose mines of gold
Lay hid from the coward, but not from the bold;
And his own he deem'd no feeble grasp,
Wealth's richest, rarest prize to clasp!
But chief of all, he lov'd to pore
The poet's rapt effusions o'er,
And hear how, 'midst the city's throng,
Echoed the praise and the poet's song;
And his young heart beat for the proud reward
Shower'd by the great on the gifted bard.

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He was told that genius with art allied,
Commanded the flow of Fortune's tide;
And the young enthusiast's blue eye shone,
As if he had reach'd distinction's throne.
Impell'd by his dreams of romance strange,
And false imagination's range,
And fancies that would paint the bloom
Of spring on winter's sterile gloom;
And for that in each wayward whim
The dark hair'd maid abetted him,
With vows of love he deemed no fate could sever,
The adventurer left his rural home for ever.

Now, who can tell how felt that youth,
When soon the stern cold glare of truth,
Amidst the world's fierce struggles came,
Branding his hopes with folly's name—
When burst the charm of his short day-dream,
As the air-bell melts on the rippling stream;
And the gorgeous pictures fancy limn'd,
Have one by one dissolved or dimm'd;
As loud and louder grew the strife
In the fell and boisterous fight of life!
Yet on he plunged in that rude fight,
Where defeat is crime, and success right;
Where wealth, to which all arms are stretched,
Hallows the path by which 'tis reached;
Where now loud vapouring noise succeeds,
Now mean subservience worth precedes;
And merit, if 'twould rise at all,
Must first a cringing courtier fall.

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But he, unform'd to crouch or kneel,
Or fawn behind a patron's heel,—
He who had dreamt of honours won
By high desert and worth alone,
Could ne'er assume the flatt'rer's guise,
Where honour bade his heart despise:
And time roll'd on his ceaseless river,
But the sun of hope was quench'd for ever,
And the sanguine youth in manhood stood
In the ruin'd gambler's bitter mood.
He had thrown for the prize in life's high game,
  And play'd it well and long;
But he heard not the clarion sound of fame,
Nor won the soldier's glorious name,
Nor wealth that sets the world a-flame,
  Nor the wreath of deathless song.

  Still one bright planet clearly shone,
'Midst his heart's desolation lone,
Over youth's ruins mildly streaming,
O'er manhood's lost aspirings gleaming;
And wounded pride, and fancied scorn,
And pangs of adverse fortune borne;
And the agony of haughty shame,
For wrongs that have nor shape nor name,
But torture keenly, though unseen,
The heart where hope has highest been:
It shed its rays serenely glowing
  His stormy fate above,—
A beacon fire, more brilliant showing,
As darker Fortune's tides were growing—
  'Twas the clear pole-star of Love!

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As hails the storm-beat mariner
  The haven on his lee,
As falls upon the captive's ear
  The sound that makes him free;
The sad man feels the welcome throe
Of his young love's returning glow.
But wherefore turn the abhorrent wheel,
  To rend the limbs that death hath frozen;
Or strive with unavailing zeal,
To bid the maniac's bosom feel
  Another pang for his heart's chosen?
The dead rest well, and the maniacs sleep,
  They feel their griefs no more;
The grave and madness alone can steep
The sufferer's wrongs in oblivion deep,—
  But not lost love restore.

Beside yon guarded casement, see,
  A stricken maniac stands;
Now smiling in his pensive glee,
Now glaring downward sullenly
  On the gyves upon his hands.
His brow is furrow'd, his hair is grey,
  And his cheek is sunk and pale,
Like the dim moon-gleam in his eye's faint ray;
And the blighting hand of wan decay
Is leading the maniac fast away
  To death's dark shadowy vale.
Alas! alas! is there need to tell,
That death-struck man, in yonder cell,
Is he whom love so late inspired,
And romance led, and fancy fired,—

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Friendless, untaught, obscure, unknown,—
To brave life's battle-field alone;—
Is him whose unform'd ardent mind,
Flung "prudent self-control" behind,
And on wild Fancy's pinions light,
Essay'd to reach proud Genius' flight;—
Is him imagination hurled
To combat and subdue the world,
And win its spoils of gold and glory,
As sequel to a hero's story;—
Is him whose iron destiny
  Had fancy-border'd been
By the fair, the beautiful, the free,
The ideal Good that none may see,
  A fruitless wild-flower screen;
For men prefer to seek for wine,
Not in the rose-bush but the vine;—
Is he whose boyish passion stained,
  Though innocent the while,
Her name, who never more regained
The priceless, nameless loss sustain'd,
But drooped and died, a thing disdained,
  As dieth the base and vile.
She died; and he by whom she fell,
Is a living corse in a maniac's cell.

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'TIS PASSING STRANGE.

They tell me I am waxing old, and that 'tis meetest now
For me to mark, with folded arms and darkly low'ring brow,
The clouds unfold their golden wings above the glowing west,
When evening's mellow glories upon the mountains rest:—
Yet still I gaze delightedly when o'er heav'n's azure plain,
In silver sheen, Night's gentle queen, glides 'mid her lustrous train;
And, like a slumbering angel's plume, the rose her petals fold,—
'Tis ~~passing~~ strange, that I should then forget that I am old!

When Spring from height and hollow has banish'd Winter's gloom,
When Summer's prime is highest in blossom and in bloom,
When Autumn winds are howling their requiem on the ~~plain~~,
~~When~~ bleak and sterile Winter has spread their pall again;

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At opening day, at pride of noon, or when night's shadows low'r,
My heart still owns responsively the influence of the hour;
Though my kind friends assure me that my heart with age is cold,—
'Tis passing strange, that I should thus forget that I am old!

They say that age will moult the wing of romance in her flight,
And draw a sombre veil around imagination's light:—
Oh! place me near some ruin'd keep, or old monastic pile,
I'll people every crumb'ling tow'r, each cloister, arch, and aisle,
With lady bright, and crested knight, and cowled monk as well;
And tale of fight, and love's troth plight, and jonglerie, and spell,
I'll tell;—and all of present life, from memory's tablets roll'd,
In fancy's fairy regions, I'll forget that I am old.

They say that age doth chill the veins, and turns the heart to stone;
Mine glows at others happiness, and bleeds at Sorrow's moan;
And when Oppression wantonly its rampant pow'r displays,
Or crested Vice, with brazen front, on drooping Virtue preys,

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Or Wealth hangs out its dastard lure some trusting one
to win,
Or meanly bribes the lowly maid to infamy and sin,
Then boasts of the unmanly deed even fiends would
leave untold,—
My heart with thirst of vengeance then forgets that it
is old.

They say that age obliterates the scenes of early years,
And Hope, dejected, falls beneath dark manhood's
dubious fears:—
Oh, give me but one leisure hour, alone, at close of eve,
Beside some lone, low murmuring brook, my reverie to
weave;
Then, when through time's long vista, my memory is
borne,
What glorious themes, what tender dreams, my wayward
life adorn!
For then,—but of these visions the world may not be
told,—
Enough that then I feel the least that I am waxing old.

They say age loves the sullen creed as flat from on high,
That teaches, "man was made alone to toil, to mourn,
and die:"—
But when I see his lordly mind aspiring to command
And rule the mighty elements, like servants of his
hand,
And ancient errors vanishing, like phantoms of the
night,
And thought directed daringly to themes long hid from
sight,

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I feel that Time, though slow he glide, the hour will yet unfold,
Fraught with a brighter, holier creed,—albeit I am old.

When the garner'd light of centuries the present age hath won,
Sheds its bright expanding lustre like a vast unsetting sun,
Growing, growing broad and higher, 'till each time-worn subtlety,
Like the weeds the lightning withers, falls from Truth's immortal tree,
Hope, exultant, paints the future mind set free from every stain
Of the bigot's mental bondage, and the slave's ignoble chain,
And Man, too high in conscious worth at falsehood's feet to fall,
Or madly shed his brother's blood in prince or prelate's brawl,—
Too pure of soul to sell or mart his liberty for gold;—
When thus I dream, my frame may be,—my spirit is not—old!

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THE LOST BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.*

Among the coral caves,
The wild tumultuous waves
Ring out a discord wild,
And o'er the orient deep
Careering whirlwinds sweep:—
"Forget, forget thy child!"

I'll ne'er forget my child!—I see him now,
As on that night of horrors, midst the waves
Struggling beneath the shatter'd vessel's prow;
The whilst its thunder-song the tempest raves,
Where all destroys, alas! and nothing saves!
As when the howling waters, raging wild
Boil'd round him like unfathomable graves,
Or by the fierce monsoon were o'er him piled:
I see him now as then!—I'll ne'er forget my child!

The stars, with blood-red glare,
Like portents of despair,
Glance through the stormy haze;
And on the far horizon's screen,
Like bale fires of destruction seen,
The lurid meteors blaze.

* Written to commemorate the fate of a youth of eighteen years of age, a native of this city, and an "Auld Callant," who was drowned whilst swimming from the wreck of the *Randolph* Indiaman, recently cast away on a coral reef on the coast of the Mauritius.

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There shines no bow of mercy in the sky;
The storm-fiend shouts his joy,
Presaging death and ruin nigh—
"Forget, forget your boy!"

Forget my boy!—not till the breast that fed him,
Beneath the churchyard sward at rest is laid!
Not till the hand that in affection led him,
When sunny infancy about him play'd,
Is cold as his, beneath his palm-tree shade!
Time may efface the memory of our joy,
As winter blights the verdure of the glade,
But grief's sad sacrifice brooks no alloy—
And mine is life-long now.—I'll ne'er forget my boy!

Wild sounds the deep voiced main
In its Tartarean pain,
Lash'd by the hurricane,
In his mad and unchain'd wrath;
And full before its untamed blast
A spectre of destruction cast,
A bark with shatter'd sail and mast
Drives on its fated path.

The coral reefs their lance points wield—
Yon keel is but a feeble shield—
She strikes,—she fills,—she sinks! and high
O'er wind and wave is heard the cry
Of terror, forced from bosoms brave,
Battl'ing for life amidst the wave
That booms and howls o'er all elate,—
"Forget your young sea-rover's fate!"

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Forget his fate! 'Tis that which most endears
His memory to my spirit. Had he died
As die the fading flow'rs that autumn sears,—
Had death but meekly stolen him from my side,
As doth the summer eve the woodlands hide,
Whilst peace and love beside his pillow sate,
And tenderness each want and wish supplied,
And half divested death of his fell hate,—
But 'midst the storm to die!—I'll ne'er forget his fate.

Forget my son! my bold adventurous youth,
Who lov'd so well to hear of generous deeds;
Who on romance look'd as the star of truth,
And scorn'd all falsehood as ignoble weeds;
Whose mind on tales of glory fed, as feeds
The sunflow'r on the sun, (whose lustre's won
By silent adoration.) Systems, creeds,
Kingdoms, may change, and time in cycles run,—
A mother's love endures,—I'll ne'er forget my son.

I'll ne'er forget him! O'er my memory moving,
Sweet visions of his distant grave appear;
The dead are not unlovely to the loving,
And in my dreams at midnight, by his bier
In yon far isle, again the sound I hear
Of his last sigh, when death and night beset him;—
Again I see, but more in love than fear,
My young, my lost one, as his death-stroke met him:
'Tis sorrow's solace thus to dream! No! I will ne'er
forget him!

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My brave, my bright! when through thy infant eyes
  Thy sinless spirit gazed in love on mine,
And my heart burn'd in rapture for my prize,
  Making my bosom nature's cheerful shrine,
  Who then could thy disastrous fate divine?
Who on the mother's dearest fond delight,
  Thy fresh young brow, could trace the mark malign
That doom'd thee, amidst storm and lurid night,
To end thy brief career? Alas! my brave, my bright!

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THE MISSING SHIP.

The foam-flecks sparkle coldly on the main,
Autumn asserts his with'ring strength again,
And, in wild glee, over the tortured sea,
Peals the hoarse revel of the Storm-fiend's train!
The unfetter'd tempest rules with iron sway,
And blast and gust its furious power obey;
And o'er the sounding deep in frantic chorus sweep,
Like howl of wolf-dogs ravening for their prey!

The landward forest owns the Storm-fiend's power;
Its stout oaks bend, its giant pine trees cower,
And at his deadly frown, even the well buttress'd town
Trembles in battlement, and wall, and tow'r;
And where his rain blast loudly beats
On the deserted midnight streets,
And the fell tempest clangour meets,
Some sadly wakeful ear,
Peace from the watcher's bosom flies,
And to despairing fancy's eyes
Shadows of pain and woe arise,
And trouble haunted fear!

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And prayers are said, and sad tears flow,
And sighs from tortured feelings' throe,
And crush'd affection's boding woe,
  And love's dejection pale,
In lighten'd hall and darksome room
Are breath'd, as rolls the tempest's boom,
For lov'd ones, who amidst the gloom
  Are battling with the gale:
For aye the Storm-fiend's raven wing
Dreams of fear and horror bring,
And grim and spectral bodings fling,
  To scare the slumb'rer's rest!
From each fell gust and driving show'r
New forms of coming sorrows lower,
And hope lies wither'd, stem and flow'r,
  In many an aching breast.
* * * * * * * * * * *

Or e'er the storm its terrors flung
  Along the trembling shore,
The signal at her foretop hung,
  A seabound vessel bore;
And hands were clasp'd in loving strain,
Never to meet on earth again.

The impatient steam is rushing fast,
  The tide flows brimming round,
And warp and hawser off is cast,
  And cheerily seaward bound:
Forth from her port the good ship clear'd,
And for the "waste of waters" steer'd.

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With well poised spar and taut drawn line,
Trimm'd well from deck to keel,
Proudly she seem'd to cleave the brine,
As she had life to feel;
And her brave crew, so stanch and stout
Their fearless farewell greetings shout!

Enough of sea-room far and wide,
What reck'd that hardy crew
For breeze or gale, as o'er the tide
Their gallant sea-boat flew?
No sign of death or doom, I ween,
In that well handled bark was seen.

What though, as down the Firth they swept,
The sky look'd wan and pale,
And o'er old Arthur's summit crept
A storm-presaging veil;
Each warning on the welkin spread,
Were all unheeded, all unread!

Into the far horizon dark,
Where lurk'd the treacherous blast,
That fearless crew their fated bark
Steer'd steadily and fast;
And from all eyes Night's sable cloud
Infolds, inwrapts them like their shroud.

Full of bright hope, with life flush'd full,
We saw them breast the main,
Then fell the curtain sombre, dull,
That ne'er will rise again.

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This moment all serene and fair,
The next all anguish and despair.

Farewell, brave hearts, though mystery drear
As midnight's starless gloom,
Affords no ray through time's career,
To light your hapless doom,
This truth, at least, we mark and tell,
Each in his duty toil'd and fell.

The soldier, where his colours wave,
May scorn to yield or fly,
And sinking to his sanguine grave,
May death and fear defy;
But Commerce has her warriors too,
To fear unknown, to duty true.

The sculptor's glory-giving pow'r,
The painter's master-hand,
The hero and the battle hour
Blazon o'er all the land;
But who the hardy seaman's name
Carves on the temple porch of Fame?

Yet not on Alma's gory height,
Nor Inkermann's red heath,
Nor in that wild terrific fight,
The fearful charge of death,
Fell braver, stouter hearts than died,
Unseen, in some far Maelstrom tide.

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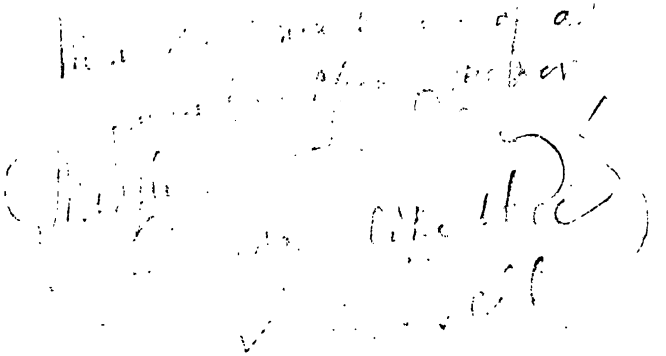
Aye, died, and yet no chime,
No sound of mourning bell,
Their parting hour of time
To friend or kinsman tell!
The unfathom'd, wild, unpitying sea
Alone beheld their destiny!

No more, alas, domestic joys to share,
Or home endearments!
Calm be the rest of all that slumber there,
In sea-weed cerements!
Blest be their sleep beneath the surging waves,
The rocks their pillow!
Hallowed their memories, in their ocean graves,
Beneath the billow!



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RETROSPECTION.

Who hath not some soft cherish'd hour,
Where mem'ry loves to dwell,
That soothes and calms with mystic pow'r,
The waves which heave and swell
On life's dark tide, when years and care
Have wreck'd the hopes once buoyant there?

Who hears not some sad solemn tones
Of lost affection singing,
Echoing 'mongst the ruin'd stones
Of youth's air-castles, springing,
When life seem'd all a fairy story,
Fill'd with delights, and crown'd with glory?

Who feels not in that weary time,
When the heart is sear'd and sore,
And pleasure wears the hue of crime,
And youth's bright locks are hoar,
A throb of anguish all the less,
From mem'ry of some hour of bliss?

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There is a joy in thoughts that fly
  Away from a clouded scene
To some blue speck in morning's sky,
  That, in its azure sheen,
Recalls a pure and sinless day
That knew no stain of passion's sway.

There falls a chime from the misty past
  On the exile's dreaming ear,
And the dark grief-shadows years have cast,
  Less dim and cold appear,—
For the tones he hears are the accents mild
Of his mother blessing her wayward child.

Within the usurer's bosom rise,
  Despite his love of gold,
Visions of pure and radiant eyes
  That look'd in his of old;
And that heart, with avarice crusted o'er,
Beats with a human throb once more.

Deep low'rs the gloom in the felon's home,
  But darker than midnight stain
Are the brooding clouds of guilt, that come
  As he turns him in his chain,
'Till childhood's guiltless dreams arise,
And crime-bred phantoms exorcise.

Low lies the wretch on a pauper couch,
  Wasted with woe and want,
And round him misery's children crouch,
  With wasting hunger gaunt:

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But a light from the dawn of childhood's day,
Even here, may flash like a heav'nly ray.

He who maintains the furious strife,
The strugglings and the fears,
That mark the battle-field of life,—
The long sad strife of years,—
May yet his fainting soul delight
With transient gleams of mem'ries bright.

And he who weary, and pent within
The teeming city's crowd,
Toils 'midst its unharmonious din,
And discords fierce and loud,
May haply from that clamour strange
Thus far on fancy's pinions range.

Beautiful Earth! is it sin to love thee,
So glorious and fair,
When the blue spring sky is bright above thee,
A pendant ocean, where
The young clouds float, and shadows throw
Lovingly down on the sward below?
When all your musical streamlets flow
Like songs of the blest in realms divine?
Then Earth, Mother Earth! that sin is mine!
I have worshipp'd thee in my youthful prime,
Near my own rude home, in the olden time;
And in thy sunniest climate's vernal,
Where the golden summers are eternal,
Where the forests ever bourgeon and bloom,
And the bright flow'rs know not sere or doom;

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And 'midst thy dreariest realms I've stood,
Near the northern lair of Winter's brood,
Where the mighty Storm-king, howling o'er
The bleak ice rocks of a desolate shore,
Shouts his anthem evermore :
But never, oh, never,
In sunshine or shade,
Did my love for thee waver,
Or falter, or fade !

Earth, Mother Earth ! I will ever adore thee !
Zoned with thy green cymar,
When summer's dew drops cluster'd o'er thee,
Mirror the vesper star :
When o'er the forest, plain, and wold,
Night wraps her silent curtain's fold,
To shield the sleep of the songster gay,
And the queenly rose, and the wild-flow'rs spray,
From the gleam of the "all too garish day ;"
As a mother spreads the sheltering screen
Her slumbering babe and the sun between.
And when the matin breezes shake
The crystal show'r from bush and brake,
And a glee of love from down and lawn,
Rings joyously out to greet the dawn,
Then proud of my lineage from thy breast,
My knee hath thy flowery altar press'd,
And thus to thee my faith addressed,—
Never, oh, never,
In sunshine or shade,
Will my love for thee waver,
Or falter, or fade.

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There's a mossy nook,—I know it well,—
And marvel if flow'rs still cluster there,
Or if the merle and mavis dwell
Still 'midst its sheltering foliage fair,
Or whether its beauties all are vanished,
Its fragrance fled, and its minstrels banished?

O'er a gulph of dark perturbed years,
By many a painful thought beset,
That lonely spot to me appears
All bright, and fresh, and lovely yet,
And rills of peace again are streaming,
Whilst memory of that nook is dreaming.

Thou art dearer to me, old shady nook,
With thy walls of broom and hawthorn green,
And the murmuring song of thy unnamed brook,
Than all these eyes through life have seen;
And when my fate its grimmest aspect wears,
There still I find a refuge from my cares!

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OBLATION TO REVERIE.

Once more, once more, behold me at thy shrine,
Thou who dost round the wanderer's heart entwine
The silver chain that binds him to his home,
How far soe'er his pilgrim footsteps roam!
Thou who, when 'midst the Arctic tempest's wrath,
The labouring vessel cleaves her dreary path,
Dost on the fated seaman's fancy pour,
Even in the stormy horrors of the hour,
And the wild music of the heaving sea,
The memory of some solemn melody,
Heard long ago in childhood's happy day,
As died the summer Sabbath eve away.

Thou who, while on his lonely watch by night,
Bring'st to the ship-boy glimpses of delight,
What time his swan-like bark supinely glides,
Mirror'd upon the placid Orient tides;
Then when above the blue horizon far,
His glad eye greets one clear uprising star,

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Loved over all, for oh, its setting beam
Glimmer'd upon his own pellucid stream,
Even when it rose to him, and brightly shot
A parting ray upon his native cot,
And flung a radiant farewell glance above
The glen, where dwells the maiden of his love!

Thou who dost thy benignant pinions spread
Over the war-worn soldier's tentless head,
When the fierce mutual work of slaughter 's done,
And the red palm of glory 's bravely won;
When death's fell husbandmen the field have reap'd,
And high and thick the gory harvest heap'd;
And far away the tide of war has roll'd,
And dead and dying lie 'neath night's black fold;
And mingled madness, blasphemy, and pray'r,
And hot hoarse shriek of burning thirst, are there,
And nameless agonies, and howling fears;—
O'erarching then the deep black gulph of years
That yawns between that hour of mortal doom
And youth's fair promise in its morning bloom;—
Thou still canst cheer the slumberer in his pain
With dreams of love, and peace, and home again!

Thou who inspirest guilt's repentant groan,
And sooth'st with hope the pining exile's moan,
And, like an angel, whisperest of relief
To the sad heart that misery and grief
Long, long have crush'd:—Thou who the daring brand
Strik'st from the frantic suicidal hand,
Luring him back to life by one bright glance
Of long-forgotten hours of innocence:—

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Thou who the pallid captive's musings fill
With fresh green field, and wood, and trickling rill,
And fair young flow'rs that variegate the lea,
Woo'd by the "charter'd libertine" the bee,
And heav'n's free air, and gladsome birds that sing
Nature's sweet anthem in the gleesome Spring,
'Till from his limbs the fetters seem to drop,
And grim Despair turns to the seraph Hope!

With thee to aid, within his lowly shed,
The spider's dusty festoons o'er his head,
The serf converts, as with a sorcerer's pow'r,
To the rich hangings of his ruler's bow'r!
The peasant wight who yields to thee the rein,
Though coop'd in poverty's proscrib'd domain,
May win at will, distinction, station, name,
The poet's wreathe, the laurel'd warrior's fame,
The proud peer's diadem, the pontiff's crown,
Or whate'er else gives fortune and renown!

Whoe'er unfolds, the world and him between,
Thy ever shifting fairy-peopled screen,
Escapes from care, and for a space forgets
Alike his hopes and fears, "his love and debts,"
And for a time,—alas! it may be brief,—
Becomes absolved alike from wrong or grief,
And revels in imaginary bliss,—
A bright—but unsubstantial—happiness!

Oh, once again to thee I bend my knee,
Thou opium of the soul, sweet Reverie:

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And light and fitful as an April smile,
Should be thy votary's orisons the while!
Cheerful as childhood 'mong the flow'rs at play,
As true hearts' greetings, innocent and gay;
Fragile, but bright as morning dew-drops clear
On the frail drapery of the gossamer;
Changeful as humming bee, whose wing doth rest
Now on the gaudy tulip's burnish'd crest,
Now toys with lowly natives of the plains,
And now the courtly rose of nectar drains,
Now to the armed briar a message brings,
Now to the violet a roundel sings:
Or, like the breeze that crisps the summer bay,
Or shakes the tassels on the pensile spray;
Or like the streamers' ever-shifting tinge,
Or wild-fire gleaming on the cloudlet's fringe!

Oh, once again within thy temple's shade,
Giver of dreams, my orisons are said;
Again, with wonted light, abandoned strain,
I woo thee in thy unsubstantial fane,
Where oft, ere now, beneath thy soothing pow'r,
I've pluck'd the sting from many a dreary hour;
And in those fairy regions roaming wide,
On fancy's wing I've "dash'd the world aside!"

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THE TEST OF LOVE.

Beside a bow'r, where the palm-tree flings
Its graceful boughs, like a seraph's wings,
On the morning air, and the amaranthe showers
In a ceaseless stream its beautiful flowers
On the emerald sward, with perfume meet
For the tread of an ariel sylphide's feet,
Stood a Red-cross Knight from the cold far North,
As sprung the golden day dawn forth:

Even there a bold crusader stood,
But armour had he none;
Glittering cuirass, crested hood,
And plaited habergeon,
Mace and buckler, falchion good,
And pennon'd lance, were gone;
Love had turned his warlike mood,
And smooth'd its rugged tone;
And, now in peaceful garb array'd,
Thus he woo'd an Eastern maid.

KNIGHT.

"Three days, three burning days," he said,
"I have beset thy bow'r, dear maid,

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And thrice the stars, with silver sheen,
My wakeful vigils here have seen;
And had each day as slowly waned
As that the warlike seer obtain'd,
That Israel's chivalric array
Might give their vengeance scope and sway,
When the great central source of light
Paus'd upon Gibeon's tufted height,—
And the fair moon her tresses pale
Hid in green Aj'lon's pastoral vale,
Since that mild orb could never brook
On carnage cover'd plain to look;
And were each night as dark and lone
As that which shrouds the polar zone,
Where, in their ice-built hovels drear,
The Norsemen shiver half the year;
Sleepless I'd watch, should my guerdon be,
At morning's dawn, one smile from thee!
Now name the test my faith to prove,
My true devotion, and my love;
Bid me to the combat hie,
Where the brave in thousands die,
Where the demon pow'r of slaughter
Sheds the blood of men like water;
And bring my constant love to show
A conqueror's laurel on my brow."

LADY.

"The buckler and brand, and the burnish'd lance gleaming,
Though gorgeous to gaze on, with horrors are teeming;

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And the loud shout of battle, the trumpet's fierce call,
But summon the vulture to death's banquet hall.
Men's strife is the pastime of fiends; and the groans,
The wounded's loud plaint, or their faint dying moans,
Are War's sad attendants. Love's votaries true
Must ne'er come with hands steep'd in slaughter to woo.
Full many a child for that laurel is shrieking,
And thousands of hearts for War's trophies are breaking;
A curse must cling to them of sonless and sireless,
In desolate homes, where the hearths are made fireless;
To win them God's creatures lie slaughter'd and torn,—
No flow'ret blood-stain'd can love's chaplet adorn."

KNIGHT.

"Does thy soul long for the splendour
Of wealth, and luxury, and grandeur,
Wealth still omnipotent to bind,
To liberate, or enslave mankind?
I will plunge in Ophir's mines,
Where a day-gleam never shines,—
Bleak Zembla's frozen coast explore,
Or pine on India's torrid shore,
Defying plague or famine's pow'r,
For gold and gems to deck thy bow'r."

LADY.

"The miser who gloats on the gold he has hoarded,
Mean, selfish, hard-hearted, and greedily sordid,
Did he see but a glimpse of self-int'rest before him,
Would trample the breast of the mother that bore him.

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Life may return to Petræ's halls again,
The vine may bloom on Edom's blasted plain,
And Judah's warriors, dauntless as of old,
Driving the Saracen from Salem's hold,
Once more may rule beneath its tow'rs of gold,
When aught of love, save love of pelf, finds rest
Within the grasping miser's churlish breast."

KNIGHT.

"Does ambition's lofty heat
Move no chord within thy breast?
Does dominion far and wide
Swell thy breast with secret pride?
Blush not thy desire to name,—
All that's human seek the same,
From the low peasant at his toil,
Scheming to win, with grov'ling smile,
A delegated pow'r to wield
O'er other vassals of the field;
To the crown'd brow and sceptred hand
That holds an empire at command,
And all the castes that lie between,
Ignobly struggling on the scene,
All the same influence obey,—
The wish, the master-wish, for sway.
Bid me renounce my knightly name,
Abjure my country, faith, and fame,—
Adore the Prophet false, and Him deride
Who on the Cross for my redemption died:
I'll strive, with lance in rest, to win for thee
Dominion, boundless as the rolling sea."

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LADY.

"The hauberk blood-stain'd a weak maiden may wear,
His gold with the hungry the miser may share,
When love and delight doth all tenderly smile
In the home of the renegade, tainted and vile:
The branded apostate, abhorr'd and repining,
Love's garland around him will never see twining.——
Go, seek Virtue out, though it pine in a hovel,
Or under the ban of stern poverty grovel;
And bid hope illumine its wan cheek despairing,
Like the first flush of verdure in spring-time appearing.
Go, find the lone heart that is sinking in grief,
And be the bless'd herald of welcome relief;
And the bold hand of friendship reach forward to save,
Ere it sinks overwhelm'd in pale misery's wave.
This deed will thy true-hearted manliness prove;—
Let this be thy devoir, and thy guerdon my love."

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THE TROUBADOUR.

Gay Spring shone on the field and lea,
The bloom was on the flow'r,
And silver light illum'd the sea
At matin's balmy hour,
As Eric sung, with harp in hand,
Beneath his lady's bow'r;
His last lay in his native land,
The gallant Troubadour.

I.

"My sword is belted to my side,
My casque is on my brow,
And, lo, to cleave the sunlit tide,
Our galley turns her prow;
My comrades muster on the strand,
My liege lord's trumpets play,—
They call me to the Holy Land,
And glory leads the way:
But, ah, ere on the battle-plain
'Gainst Paynimrie we pour,
Oh, lady bright, do not disdain
To bless your Troubadour.

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II.

" Although no blazon'd shield I boast,
Or far descended name,
My sword amidst the Heathen host
Will win immortal fame.
Where rolls the fiercest tide of fight,
And bravest warriors die,
Both Moslem chief and Christian knight
Shall hear my battle cry.
Your name will echo o'er the plain,
When fellest dangers lour—
Then, lady fair, do not disdain
To bless your Troubadour.

III.

" When far on blood-stained Galilee
The Red-cross warriors roam,
Haply some fav'rite minstrelsie
Will waft our musings home;
'Till on the burning sterile sand,
And 'neath the blazing skies,
A vision of our Northern land
Will to remembrance rise;
My harp will wake of thee a strain
At noontide's torrid hour,—
Then, lady love, do not disdain
To bless thy Troubadour."

He ceased his lay, entranced he gaz'd
In ecstacy divine,

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For then a hand the lattice raised,
And shed the trellis'd vine;
And then a snowy scarf was flung
From his dear lady's bow'r,
And thus the fair Annette sung,
To bless her Troubadour:—

IV.

"Young Troubadour, if maiden's love,
True faith, and constancie,
Can aught of peace and solace prove,
That solace take with thee.
My maiden love has aye been thine,
Though ne'er before confest;
I swear it by the holy sign
That glitters on thy breast;
And may its blessings from me flee
At my departing hour,
If ever I prove false to thee,
My gallant Troubadour.

V.

"I will not seek the heron's haunt,
Whilst you are from me gone,
Nor pleasure take where masquers flaunt,
Nor list the harper's tone:
Like eremite in holy cell,
All mirth and glee I'll spurn,—
A cloister'd maid, my beads I'll tell,
And pray for your return;

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And in the convent's chapelrie,
At morn and vesper hour,
I'll weary every saint for thee,
My gallant Troubadour.

VI.

"Then go, and may Saint Elmo's light
Your bark in safety guide
Through every dark and weary night,
On yonder heaving tide;
And well I know our Lady's aid,
Upon the stricken field,
Aye, and thine own good battle-blade,
My lover's life will shield.——
But, hark! my sire! Our parting knell
Rings through my lonely bow'r—
Again he calls.——Farewell! farewell!
My gallant Troubadour."

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A LAY OF THE FORGE.

I.

God speed thy toil, swart artizan! now ply your good blows quickly;
'Tis rare to see in merry rush the sparkles dancing thickly;
'Tis blithe to hear your anvil ring, your strength and ardour testing,
Though meagre is your fare, I ween, and hard your place of resting.
Oh, droop not, fail not in thy skill, thy hardihood, and daring,
The world hath had no boon as yet like *that* thou art preparing;
For the rude metal sweltering thy ponderous hammer under,
Will yet evoke esteem, and love, and gratitude, and wonder.

II.

Toil on, stout heart! each lusty blow rings cheerily and loud,
A far resounding signal of redemption to the crowd;

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For thou dost from that shapeless ore a potent engine form,
That with a god-like pow'r can soothe wild passion's whirlwind storm,
When desperate men in conclave meet to shake a guilty state,
Uttering their wrongs in all the wild fierce eloquence of hate;—
Can cleanse the home affections from all envy or distrust,
And free the heart from vice and crime's polluting lava crust.

III.

Work on, ye stalwart labourers! All honour to your tasking!
Ye forge the pow'r alone can strip delusion of its masking;
Can to the lowly hamlet give as to the lordly dwelling,
A talisman for ever more all ignorance expelling,
That will, when mankind turns away from slavish custom's hemming,
In Liberty's bright diadem remain the fairest gemming;
And Education's fountain floods unloose, and freely pour
O'er each wild waste of intellect the fertilizing show'r.

IV.

Strike on! well done! Your vigorous arm, as yet untir'd or weary,
Your bronzed brow glows hopefully, your eye-gleam flashes cheery,
As ye do fashion *that* will send abroad the noontide lustre,—
Will chase the night-dark fallacies that yet like spectres cluster

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Around the altar and the throne, the cottage and the castle,
And most beside the homely hearth, where Truth alone should nestle,—
And will from fair Religion's face tear Superstition's terrors,
And win with love, instead of fear, the erring from their errors.

V.

Bear up awhile, strong toiler! every sounding blow that falls
From your well wielded hammer, like a voice prophetic, calls
To the science-lighted future: for that red and hissing brand,
Growing in form and shapely mould beneath your nervous hand,
Will arm no Switzer brigand in a tyrant's cause to slay,
And, like a hireling bravo, fight (base caitiff!) for his pay:
No! you forge a nobler instrument, a mightier engine far
Than ever roll'd its thunder o'er the mercenary's war:

VI.

Ye forge the PRESS! the glorious PRESS! the mute, but strong redressor,
Where'er the weak are bow'd beneath the grasp of the oppressor;
Or humble worth is push'd aside in impudent defiance,
By idle baseness, greedy pride, and folly in alliance;
Or when industrious toil is robb'd, a statesman's power to nourish,
That rogues in purple gowns may thrive, or knaves in lawn robes flourish;

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Or when, with lowly suppliant mood, the poor are meekly kneeling,
With burning earnest eloquence it echoes their appealing.

VII.

Name ye the wrong, however high in place the wronger stand,
And deed and culprit undenounced throughout the insulted land?
Where dwells the petty despot so privately conceal'd
As not to have his infamy indignantly reveal'd?
Where lurks the sordid traitor to modest virtue's name,
Musing in hateful solitude on schemes of guilty shame,
That may not in the moral page the graven record trace
Of deep unmitigable scorn, and hatred, and disgrace?

VIII.

Hope on, hope still, swart toilers! let the blast blow e'er so keenly,
Through winter's long and dreary reign, the breath of spring serenely
Will chase the tyrant from the earth, and all his minions banish,
As the long bead-roll of man's wrongs, and woes, and sins will vanish,
When *that* ye forge,—the mighty Press, all error exorcises,
And burning high, and bright and far, the light of Knowledge rises;
And Peace and Love, twin sisters, the brood of Discord humbles,
And every system reared on fraud to lasting ruin crumbles!

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THE WIDOW'S PROMISED LAND.*

In the golden prime of the summer time,
A mother's darling rov'd,
And as sweet and mild was that innocent child
As the beautiful flow'rs she lov'd;
And her song told less of woe's distress,
Or grief's impending peril,
Than the love-fraught lay of the linnet gay,
Or the blackbird's jovial carol.
But, in shrinking fear, by her mother's bier,
Stern death her gladness crush'd,
Ere the fierce blast flew, and those lov'd flow'rs slew,
And that woodland music hush'd;—
And that orphan child, in the sorrow wild
That o'er her young soul rush'd,
Saw not on life's o'er-clouded skies
The stars of a "Promised Land" arise.

As the horrors flee from the morning sea,
When storm and night are over,
Time's gentle balm, and soothing calm,
All childhood's sorrows cover.

* Suggested by the engraving, "Preparing for the Promised Land."

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Now years have gone, and that orphan lone
Forgot her early doom,
And her sick heart-grief and suffering brief,
In the flush of her maiden bloom.
It is sweet May-time, and the church-bell chime
Rings merrily far and wide;
And the woo'd and won, ere the peal is done,
At her manly lover's side,
By holy rite, as by love's plight,
Is a bless'd and beauteous bride;
And she dreams not that in other guise
Can stars of a "Promised Land" arise.

The happy ones sleep, and the care-worn weep,
And a prince or a peasant dies;
But onward away, for ever and aye,
The eternal watcher hies:
On the doom'd slave's fate, like a fiend of hate,
Time's march is sad and slow;
But he boundeth along o'er freedom's throng,
As the summer brooklets flow;
And if a scene of bliss serene
Could his ruthless step delay,
That halcyon spot, the young bride's cot,
Might lure old Time to stay;
As the bitter throe of her desolate woe
Might speed him on his way,
Ere she beheld on life's black skies
The stars of a "Promised Land" arise.

Ten years have driv'n, like a dream of heav'n,
And life, as on they flew,

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Seem'd a gorgeous spring, still blossoming
With flow'rs of rarest hue :
But it waned at last, and a with'ring blast
Of grief on the love flow'rs fell;
And the cold earth press'd the manly breast
She lov'd so long and well.
No twilight screen was there between
The blist and the baneful day,
As the earthquake's pow'r on town and tow'r
Strews ruin and dismay;
In the lightning's flame death's arrow came,
And her idol shatter'd lay!
But on life's now perturbed skies
No stars of a "Promised Land" arise.

In the widow's breast, like a desert waste,
A sullen misery slept,
And the healthful streak fled from her cheek,
As age had o'er it swept;
'Till nature warm, with its mystic charm,
Repell'd the selfish woe,
And her heart confess'd the yearning bless'd,
A mother can ne'er forgo.
Long her bosom's cave was his memory's grave,
Midst felicity's ruins shrin'd,
'Till a mother's care for her children fair,
With the wrecks of joy entwin'd;
And the precepts sage of the sacred page
Assuaged her stricken mind:
And bright in sorrow's turbid skies
The stars of a "Promised Land" arise.

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As the moonlight ray on the midnight way
  Of the lonely wand'rer springs,
Faith's rainbow light on the mourner's night
  A guiding lustre flings;
The slow years wane, and again and again
  The harsh and dark ordeal,—
The withering breath of insatiate death
  Hath proved the widow's zeal;
For her lov'd ones died in their fair youth's pride:
  The first with a stainless name,
And one afar, in a godless war,
  In the false pursuit of fame;
But, alas! the last to her green grave pass'd,
  With the taint of sin and shame:
Yet brighter then on affliction's skies
The stars of a "Promised Land" arise.

Long, long, alone, by her sad hearthstone,
  In patient grief she dwells;
No mortal ear her plaint doth hear,
  No word her suff'ring tells:
With her woes and her God, in her poor abode,
  She sits at sorrow's feast;
To the lonely bound of her grief profound
  She seeks no mortal guest:
But the dead will speak with voices meek,
  As the sigh of childhood's love;
And the faint low tones of their orisons
  Thus murmur from above,—
Behold in eternity's cloudless skies
The stars of a "Promised Land" arise!

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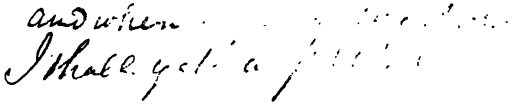
The shadows of life fall eastward away,
And the mists of evening fall;
The vales of time grow dim and grey,
And its hues are blending all;
But clear through the dark'ning twilight skies
The stars of the "Promised Land" arise.

She has struggled long on this weary stage,
But now, with grateful breast,
She is passing away from her pilgrimage,
To the realms of peace and rest,
Where sorrow sleeps, and misery dies,
And the stars of a "Promised Land" arise.



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A TWEEDSIDE DAY DREAM.

I STAND again by my native stream,
As it brightly glides along;
And never, I wot, did fairer theme,
Inspire my wayward song;
For its music, in youth's joyous day,
A burthen lent to my earliest lay.

I have come to look on its waves once more,
In crystal glories wheeling,
And gushing up from the fount of yore,
Old memories come stealing;
And I love this hour of pensive sadness,
Above all youth's delusive gladness!

I have come again, fair Tweed! to hear
The voice of thy waters singing,
Though the sounds that charm'd my childhood's ear,
Are sad as a requiem ringing,—
As a lonely parting curfew strain,
For joys that ne'er can live again.

I love the plaintive murmur now
Of thy silver current streaming,

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Fondly as when youth flush'd my brow,
And hope's gay star was gleaming;
When the tones of thy chiming wavelets free,
Were symphonies of love to me.

I see again the air-bells rise,
In all their varied splendour,
As when in childhood's raptur'd eyes
They sail'd in summer grandeur,
And fancy deem'd each golden dome
A fairy bark, or a naiad's home.

I listen, as falls the evening chime,
O'er grange and homestead knelling,
The same that I heard in the olden time,
When, the welcome cadence swelling,
From learning's irksome bounds let slip
A blithe and goodly fellowship.

But now not one of that gay throng
Beside thy margin tarries;
They are gone from thy green nooks among,
Like the shade thy bosom carries
When light wing'd clouds at morning soar
An instant, and are seen no more.

Some venturous spirits, high and proud,
To distant climes have hurried,
And some, amid the city's crowd,
Have fame and feelings buried,—
Draining sin's goblet o'er and o'er,
And swelling crime's loud chorus roar:

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Some, upon Fortune's pinions light,
To opulence have rush'd;
And some the unrelenting blight
Of iron want has crush'd;
And some have died unknown, unseen;
And some have Fame's proud minions been.

All are departed from thy stream
Who hail'd life's dawn with me,
And one who made my young love's dream,—
My bright one,—where is she?—
One, 'midst my wand'ring wayward lot,
Though lost for ever, ne'er forgot!

There is a grief the heart will prize
More than the throb of joy;
A sacred woe that never dies,
That time can ne'er destroy;
That years, nor pain, even sin's dark trace,
From the heart's temple can efface.

It is well—it is well, in manhood's hour
To pluck from present sorrow
Its poison'd sting, and a poppy flow'r
From out the past to borrow;
And in its faded verdure dress
The spirit's drooping loneliness!

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THE ARTIST TO HIS FIRST-BORN.

My fair first-born! sleep tranquilly upon thy mother's breast,
As safely as an unfledged dove within its sylvan nest:
Thy mother's arm will shield thee with love's angelic charm,
And mine will wither, shrink, and fade, ere aught of evil harm.

Bright bond of love! uniting in a golden circlet pure
Two hearts that, though they ever lov'd, now feel that bliss secure;
Thou art the star-gem of our home, the glory of our hearth,
The sun-ray that illumes to us the fair and beauteous earth.

Ere thou wert born, though love was here, bright as a morning dream,
A light that shone like moon-gleams upon life's rejoicing stream;
But now, thou gift of bounteous Heav'n, noon-tide of all our joy,
Thy sunny brow confirms our day, my bright, my blue-eyed boy!

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Oh who within thy light, light eyes, as joyously they glance,
Sees aught savè sinless, mirthful peace, and gleesome innocence!
And ne'er may clouds that glance bedim, or quench that sunny ray,
Or grief's stern shadow o'er it fall, in manhood's darker day.

Young flowret! stainless as thou art as leaf in paradise,
I gaze upon thy lily brow and smiling starry eyes,
And on the pure ethereal bloom adorning that soft cheek,
And pray that sorrow's tears may ne'er efface its roseate streak.

I have watch'd the flash of the stream at morn, dancing in summer glee;
I've hail'd, with rapture, bud and bloom adorn the green-sward lea;
And listen'd with intense delight the choral love-note swells,
Like songs of bliss, of the happy birds, in their woodland citadels:

But silver gleam of morning stream, or flush of spring's glad hour,
No, nor aught else bright Nature shows of loveliness or pow'r,
Though I have worshipp'd at her shrine with ardent truth's devotion,
Could move like sight of thee, my child, my bosom's high emotion!

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Now, as I gaze in sacred hope on thy fair cherub face,
I long, as with a prophet's pow'r, thy destiny to trace;
That from thee, when life's battle comes, and passion's
balefires burn,
Some charm or spell could from thy path all things of
evil turn.

Child of my heart, I look on thee, and muse on coming
days,
And cannot fear that the bright sign that on thy sweet
brow plays
Will ever change, through life's long range, from Virtue's
radiant glow,
But brighter, fairer, to the last, in manly goodness grow!

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ON HEARING MISS E. L. SING.

I LOVE to hear, Eliza dear, that silver voice of thine,
Chiming, like summer notes of youth, midst wintry life's decline;
When sadly, sweetly rising, the enchantment of thy song
Brings back the hues of life's young morn, its ev'ning shades among,
And memories of buried joys, 'mid weary years' decay—
In sooth, you make me young again, Eliza, with that lay.

I love to hear, Eliza dear, thy sweetly warbled strains,
Unspoil'd by foreign artifice, uncurb'd by fashion's chains,
For, then, though time has o'er me swept his love-destroying blast,
A glad bright moment rises from out the darken'd past:
I hear again the notes that thrill'd my heart in youth-hood's day,
In sooth, you make me young again, Eliza, with that lay.

I love to hear, Eliza dear, thy gentle tones impart
Nature's own fervid melody to music's glorious art;

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In thee no affectation mars the taste by nature lent;
The charm by which thou pleasest is from feeling's
fountain sent,
Potent to chase from every mind the mists of care
away,—
In sooth, to make us young again, Eliza, with thy lay.

I love to hear, Eliza dear, thy strain, that well may
throw
Soothing oblivion's mantle o'er the mourning form of
woe,
Or melt to sympathy the stern, or, with a seraph spell,
Restrain the rude and furious gusts of passion's whirl-
wind swell,
Or melt the coldest bosom with warm pity's wreathed
sway,
In sooth, to make us young again, Eliza, with thy lay.

And when you hear, Eliza dear, the praises of the young,
Despise not then the plaudits by an ancient minstrel
sung;
Bethink thee 'tis an easier task the seeds of joy to strew
In fresh young hearts that never yet the grasp of sorrow
knew,
Than make the joy-flow'rs spring again that grief hath
wede away,—
In sooth, to make us young again, Eliza, with thy lay.

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BALLAD FOR 1862.

No. I.

What a racket, what a rout!
What's the hubbub all about?
What has stirr'd the mighty masses,
High and low, and middle classes?
Johnny Bull and Sawney Scot,
From Penzance to John o' Groat,
Shouting like the nor-west throat
Of the gale, O?
Now, my lads, let's up and run!
Now for pleasure, mirth, and fun!
A bas labour! *a bas* toil!
Leave your spades to dig the soil,
And the fields themselves to reap,
And to shear themselves the sheep,
And away in thousands sweep
By the rail, O!
Rush away, push away, never halting night or day!
Of the Great Exhibition is my tale, O!

Now, whatever be your trade,
Leave your bills and bonds unpaid;
Never fear your tailor's frowns,
You'll have need of all your browns!

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Fling the ledger on the shelf,
Leave the shop to keep itself,
Though your credit and your pelf both should fail, O!
Now in troops the doctors fly,
Let their patients live or die,—
Though their chance will be the better
Of the former than the latter,
When of bitter pill and potion
They have giv'n the dogs a notion,*
And themselves have set in motion by the rail, O!
Right away, no delay, never halting night or day!
Of the Great Exhibition is my tale, O!

Now the lover leaves his bride,
With the nuptial knot untied,
For the parson in his hurry,
Swears no longer he can tarry
To baptize, or wed, or bury,—
Though away his tithes he'll carry, I'll be bail, O!
Now the law, just like the church,
Leaves its clients in the lurch;
And their plaints the plaintiffs throw up,
And both bar and counsel blow up;
And the duper and dupee,
Like two rival cats agree
To abscond by land or sea, without fail, O!
Brush away, crush away, never halting night or day!
Of the Great Exhibition is my tale, O!

Now the schools have all the "play;"
Learning flings his book away,

* Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none on't.—*Macbeth.*

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For the master 's ta'en his flight,
Gone abroad, in sooth, outright,
Like a rocket or a kite and its tail, O!
Now the charming female dears
From the seminary steers,
Leaving bread and butter rations,
And sweet lessons on the fashions;
And love's alphabet forgetting,
Crochet-stitch and silk purse netting—
All the grim duenna's fretting can't avail, O!
They fly away, hie away, never halting night or day!
Of the Great Exhibition is my tale, O!

Now the trav'ler vainly bawls,
And for lunch or liquor calls,
Dick the waiter 's turned a flier
From both heavy and entire;
Not a soul, for love or hire, serves the ale, O!
And away up from the north,
Sally cook has sallied forth;
She has cut,—not cutlets thick,
But in common phrase—her stick,
Bolting after waiter Dick;
And for hunger sharp and quick, all may wail, O!
Or slick away, prick away, never halting night or day!
Of the Great Exhibition is my tale, O!

Now the Editor in vain
Plies the force-pump of his brain,
Leading articles inditing,
Or his foreign letters writing,
Something spicy, sharp, or biting, for the mail, O!

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Moving accidents and crimes,
Signs and wonders of the times,
All in flimsy foolscap lurking,
Giving *proofs* of mental burking,
For compositors and "devils,"
Over heights and over levels,
To the mighty monster revels, have set sail, O!
Rowl away! bowl away! never halting night or day!
Of the great Exhibition is my tale, O!

Now the theatres are shut up,
And the artist's art is cut up;
Poor Macbeth is mute and dumb,
Though "the cry is still, they come!"
Like the locusts as they hum, through the vale, O!
Like La Trappe in silent gloom,
Looks the vacant concert room,
And the opera pit, oh pitiful!
Sad sight so near a city full!
Oh Cremorne, and famed Vauxhall,
Fancy fair, and fancy ball,
You are empty fancies all, in detail, O!
All away! fall away! not a soul will come to pay!
Of the great Exhibition is my tale, O!

Now the Premier's speech or deeds,
No man hears, and as few heeds;
Cobden, Bright, and all their Co.
Are denounced as coaches slow;
Even the Budget is no go, by a deal, O!
For the Budget who will budge?
War expenses who will grudge?

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And our ears are fairly stopt
When the Popish question's popt,
Or the pros and cons are prosing
And the Speaker calmly dozing,
Mingled bills and votes proposing, head and tail, O!
Right away, night and day! why, the House so long delay,
When the great Exhibition is our tale, O?

What a motley congregation,
Of all kindred, tongue, and nation,
Mingle, jostle, to and fro,
In the world's great raree-show,
Singing blithely as they go, brother hail, O!
And from every clime and race,
Woman's loveliness and grace,
With her streamers all a flutter,
Like a pleasure yacht or cutter,
Lends refulgence to the sight,
'Till El-koh-i-nor, in spite,
Like a will-o-wispish sprite turns pale, O!
Such display, every day, where's the slave would stop away
From the great Exhibition of my tale, O?

Uncle Sam, our blood relation,
From his far down east location,
Swears the whole splendacious trash
His own State can beat to smash;
And he'll trade for the whole hash, by wholesale, O!
From the forks of Ohio,
Proudly stalks with turn'd-in toe,

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Indian John, whose home alias,
Shows the chieftain's chiefest bias—
"I'm the Prairie Wolf by night,
With my war-paint shining bright,
And no blanket, blow me tight! for a veil, O,
But now all day, how I pray, neither fight, nor scalp, nor slay,
In this great Exhibition, I'm on sale, O!"

Here the turban'd Turk doth roam
From his harem-scarem home,
Where a hundred black-eyed dears
Tear their hair and drop their tears,
Least for cash all their cachmeres he'll retail, O!
Here the sons of sultry Inde,
Copperless, though copper-skinn'd,
Make their rattlesnakes and vipers,
Hop like Connemara pipers,
Beating Patrick all to sticks,
Making cobras dance like bricks,
As they show mazourka kicks, with his tail, O!
Jig away! prig away! Johnny Bull the pipers pay;
May his purse and his credit never fail, O!

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BALLAD FOR 1862.

No. II.

Had I a voice as loud and rich
As Reeves, at forty-concert pitch,
The assembled nations to bewitch
With bathos or with glee,
I would a "three-man song" indite;*
(Music by Sir John Bishop, Knight)
The world and all his kin to invite
To our grand jubilee.

Loud as the pibroch's frightful strain,
Or blatant scream of coming train,
We would sing, with might and main
And fervid courtesie,
Welcome to each sharper spry,
And cove wot is awake and fly,
And dodger keen, and prig so sly,
To our grand jubilee.

Shrill as yell of beaten dog,
Or funeral howl in Connaught brogue,
Or Russel's basso monologue,
The "Ship on Fire" at sea,

* "Three-man song-men all, and good ones."—*Winter's Tale.*

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Should be our kind saluting stave,
To show how Englishmen behave
To every greedy foreign knave,
At our grand jubilee.

Like the roll of rapelle drum,
Or tocsin's tintinabulum,
Proclaiming discord's hour is come,
And glorious anarchie,
Let's welcome o'er the mob-ill garde,
Shaven or "bearded like the pard,"
Hair besmear'd with oil or lard,
To our grand jubilee.

Now, my lads, this is your time;
See approach, from many a clime,
All the blackguard sons of crime,
Of high and mean degree:
From the Seine, the Rhine, the Po,
Countless herds of scoundrels flow,
Impostor high and swindler low,
To our grand jubilee.

See advance each thieving clan,
Villain, rogue, and courtezan,
And blustering red republican,
A goodly companie;
Europe's vagrant kings or thieves,
Whom no other land relieves,
Perfide Albion still receives,
At her grand jubilee.

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All the villanous and vile,
Cloth'd in fraud, and steep'd in guile,
Rank on rank, and file on file,
Rush to the world's levee;
Dark in soul, as grim of face,
Woman's hate, and man's disgrace,
Austria's cut-throats take their place,
At our grand jubilee.

And beneath the crystal dome,
Leaving whips and chains at home,
The brave enlighten'd Yankees roam,
Among the true and free:
And swarms from Roman hell and stew,
And Russia's murder-loving crew,
Certes give all honour due
To our grand jubilee.

And cavaliers Ladrone de Espagne,
And brigands from Italia's plain,
Zingaro cheats from Allemaigne,
Hommes des Industrie;
And countless counts of Polish'd hue,
And prince wot robes in Prussian blue,
John Bunyan's famous fair renew
At our grand jubilee.

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A STAVE OF THE DAYS OF OLD.*

I will sing you a lay of the olden day,
Will set your hearts a-springing,
How England's peers and landed gents,
In defence of the throne, the church, and their rents,
The tocsin bell set ringing.
Now listen the chime of an aimless rhyme,
Might set the dead a-singing,
To hear how baron bold and squire,
From every belfry, tower, and spire,
Were Free-Trade curfews ringing.

New Song for the nonce.

Duke Richie sate in ye chairman's seat, in ye Crown and Anchor Hall,
And before him bent ye yeomen of Kent, and Surrey, and Sussex, and all;
And purple was each nose, I wot, and ruby red each cheek,
But whether with cheer of wine or beer, I cannot soothly speak;
But they all bow'd low to ye potent Duke, as crowned king were he,
Both hobnail'd carle and belted earl, mortgager and mortgagee;

* The "constant readers from the first" of "liberal" and "talented" Journals, will recognise the incidents of this Stave, as having occurred at a meeting of Protectionists, some years since, in the Crown and Anchor Hall, London, the late Duke of R—— in the Chair.

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And they all exclaimed loud and long, as they ye roof would rend,
"Horray! gadzooks, ye're ye prime of Dooks, and a stanch old yeoman's friend!"

Duke Richie sate, as I rehearse, in that goodly companie,
And called then his stout yeomen by one by two and three;
"Stand forth," he said, "bold Englishmen, and I sall do you right,
And ye country's weal or woe we'll seal, ere we go hence this night."
And forward stood a burly wight, and cried, "God save zour grace!"
(This burly wight was Hooker hight) "I stand in zis eer place,
To tell ze world now standing by, and bold Dick Cobden too,
Zat if so be's ze Queen don't please,"——"Mind, Hooker, what you do,"
Duke Ritchie cried; "Her majesty hath been right sore misled."
"Go on, speak out, thou yeoman stout!" a thousand voices said.
Then Hooker raised his brawny arm, and wav'd it round him thrice:
"If ze Queen is slack to give us back ze standard famine price,
And 'gainst Protection Cobden don't cease to rail and bawl,
We'll meet his palaver and moral force haver
With powder, and bay'net, and ball!

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I've no more to say: excuse me, I pray;
Let ze Dook on another man call."
Then a thousand "hear, hears!" and a volley of cheers,
Shook ye Crown and Anchor Hall.

Now forward came, with his brow a-flame,
Like ye brazier's angry heat,
A sturdy boor o'er ye groaning floor,
To good Duke Richie's feet,
With his shining face he look'd to his grace,
And above and behind look'd he,
But he could not brook on ye crowd to look,
For minutes seven and three,—
Aye, there and then, for minutes ten,
In his agony full sore,
He silent stood. Like a raging flood,
I wis, that crowd did roar:
Ye crowd did roar that lout before,
Like beagles in ye chase,
While ye big sweat drops, like rain on ye crops,
Bedew'd his ruby face;
Still he silent kept; when up there stept
A peer of meikle fame
And of many descents, but, alas, few rents
I wot that peer could claim,
For an "Ebrew Jew," for interest due
On bills ten times renew'd,
And monies lent on shent per shent,
Had every stiver screw'd:
But, as I've told, this baron bold
Stept out courageouslie,

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And forward prest to ye wight possest:
"How now, what's up?" quod he;
"Your wits are hazed, like a goose amazed
At ye thunder's intonation;
If you don't show pluck at once, my buck,
And tip us an oration,
Spicy and hot, as a speech, God wot,
Of citizen O'Connor,
With to-morrow's sun your lease is run,
Else I'm no lord of honour."
No more he said. That hint so dread
Ye yeoman's fright dispell'd,
I trow you would shake yourselves awake
An if you had beheld
How eftsoons here that man, whom fear
Made whilome dumb and blind,
Grew eloquent as Cuffey or Grant,
Through fear of another kind.
"Now let that drop, my Lord Stanhope,
Your thumb upon it lay:
Since I may not choose, I'll not refuse
This night to say my say:
Now stick to me, Lord Stanhope, see
Through thin and eke through thick,
And I to thee as firm will be
As a rare old English brick."
With that ye brave Lord Stanhope gave,
In an ecstacy of joy,
A Sayers' whack to the yeoman's back,
And cried, "I will, my boy:
Your a reg'lar trump, and with this thump
I dub you for my squire;

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By plough and spade, your just ye blade
After my heart's desire."
Then he strutted about, that clownish lout,
And roar'd, "My name is Chowler;
And we'll make them flee, these Traders Free,
Like crows before the fowler.
We're not to be done by that son of a gun
Dick Cobden, and his crew;
Just by me stick, and I'll show you a trick
Than trick of theirs worth two."
Then again and again, with might and main,
Lord Stanhope's digit throws
On his shoulders broad a goodly load
Of Conservative blows.
Then, sirs, I'm blest, when ye lordly fist
Was drumming loud and louder,
Each shameful blow made hobnail grow
Than puffing turkey prouder.
Sirs, you might go, on unshod toe,
A score of leagues or twain,
To see those peers turn mutineers,
To raise ye price of grain.
In sooth, it was a sight to pass,
That few have seen before,
Ye bearing proud of that noble crowd,
And hear their wild uproar.
"That's your time o' day! hip, hip, hooray!
Let's drink to ye days of yore!"
Then roar'd ye crowd in rapture loud,
At that trait of gallant feeling;
And they all did shy, else ye "Times" doth lie,
Their hats up to ye ceiling!

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THE DECLARATION.

I do not boast of lineage high, nor far descended name,
Nor entailed rank and wisdom I from barb'rous chieftains claim;
I have no place in palaces, with bright emblazon'd shield,
Flaunting the bar-sinister upon its argent field;
I prank me not in courtly halls, where pleasure is en-shrin'd,
Homaged by worshippers, whose brow the diadem doth bind;
No star, that mocks the guilt beneath its jewell'd ray, I bear,—
No ensign of a wanton's shame about my knee I wear.

I do not date my honour's birth from conquests bravely won,
Whilst I with bloodless sword look'd on the deed at distance done;
Nor challenge the loud plaudits by obsequious vassals paid
To the conqueror of thousands, for the widows he has made;
No adoring slaves my footsteps tend, no shouts my presence greet;
No nation pours its treasures out in largess at my feet;

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No cringing helots meanly drag the chariot of my pride,
And hail with impious titles the successful homicide.

I claim not, as an attribute of my peculiar caste,
A frame that swoons in sunshine, and sinks helpless in the blast,
That brooks not, 'tis so delicate, the vulgar glare of day,
But by an argand lustre light, can riot nights away.
Not mine, I trow, the privilege of rank legitimate,
To feel the various appetites that art doth fabricate,
Incessant whet their vulture beaks. No lackey, groom, or page,
Feed, clothe, attend me, as I were struck down in bed-rid age.

Unknown to me the alchemy, the myst'ry of the great,
That absolves the wealthy villain, and his crimes doth consecrate,
And to the sins of millionaires, lends Virtue's fairest grace,
Though truth and noble manhood forbids their names to trace.
Thy magic pow'r I know not, Wealth, that gilds the despot's name,
And the meed of innocence bestow'st on every titled shame;
Lends brilliant wit to dullness, and to purple rob'd disease
Gives beauty's every radiant charm, and health's elastic ease.

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No! my sires were doom'd to indigence: Yet my inheritance,
Though cradled amidst poverty, and nursed in ignorance,
Hath not been the bondsman's portion,—craven heart and coward mind,
To kiss the feet that spurn'd me, or the manacles that bind:
But I hold a priceless legacy, and in my breast alone
'Twill live, (though all of freedom else is wither'd, reft, and flown)
Like the vital germin Nature guards through winter's savage gloom,
To restore, in spring's glad morn, to earth the bursting bud and bloom:

'Tis the heritage of REVERIE, that, all unchain'd, may dwell
With the beggar in his hovel, with the peasant in his cell;
That mocks the tyrant's mandates, and his minions laughs to scorn,
And from crime-creating statutes, upon eagle pinions borne,
Soars triumphantly and fetterless; and, Reason for her guide,
Detects, and turns the sophistry of bigot zeal aside,
And leaves the sullen fanatic's anathemas behind:—
Such is the heritage I hold,—the freedom of the mind!

Aye! pow'r, uncurb'd by ruth or fear, may torture or may slay,
Or in perpetual bondage bind this tenement of clay,

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And partial and unnatural laws impose with sternest hand
On the long enduring victims of Oppression's fell command;
But where exists the pow'r can quell, or limit, or confine,
The free and bounding rapture of these voiceless thoughts of mine,
That, like glimpses of prophetic light, illumine and foretell
The world's advancing freedom, and Oppression's coming knell?

I love my country fondly, every green and sunny vale;
Every steep cloud-bearing mountain, every streamlet in the dale;
Each flowret that adorns the glen, and tree that shields the plain,
Are dear to me as relics of a consecrated fane
To the adoring devotee, what time in pious mood
His dreams are rays of paradise, and gleams of beatitude:
And the latest aspiration on my dying lips shall be,—
"God keep the land that gave me birth, still prosperous, great, and free!"

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THE ADVENT OF FREEDOM.

FILL high the glorious bowl,
And the sparkling wassail pour,
Let the sounding anthem roll,
It is Freedom's festal hour!
Though the trembling caitiff thrall
May the sacred rite disown,
And in prostrate terror fall
'Neath a Bourbon despot's frown;
Though the coward's dastard head
Or for interest or fear,
Bends to earth before the tread
Of a recreant cavalier,
The lip that dares be free
Will this rich libation lave,
And the pledge this night shall be,—
"Freedom! freedom to the slave!"

Fill again up to the brim,
And the mant'ling chalice drain;
Strike the harp, and raise the hymn,
Freedom's heart-inspiring strain;

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Give her welcome, soul and hand,
To Sicilia's down-trod Isle,—
In Italia's rescued land,
'Neath her tyrant scaring smile,
Let triumphant lays be sung
At each cottage hearth again,
And her battle standards flung
To the breeze, on hill and plain;
And the lip that dares be free,
Let a rich libation lave,
And the pledge it draineth be,—
"Freedom! freedom to the slave!"

Strike the harp, and sound the lyre,
Let the joyous measure swell,
Freedom comes with glance of fire,
All your sufferings to dispel;
And Italia's sons no more
Will their furious hands embrue
In their kindred patriot's gore,
That the hateful Bourbon crew
May in safety trample still
On the free-born and the brave,
And in valley and on hill
Persecution's banners wave:
Then the lip that dares be free
Shall this rich libation lave,
And its fearless watchword be,—
"Freedom! freedom to the slave!"

Ho! inheritants of toil!
Labouring helots of the hour!

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Landless tiller's of the soil,
  Reft of every shred of pow'r!
Let not Freedom's advent find you
  Steep'd in ignorance and vice;
Rise like men, and throw behind you
  Every time-grown prejudice!
For depravity can never
  With the Free communion hold,
Or with scowling visage ever
  Mate the dauntless and the bold:
No! the soul that dares be free,
  Must be virtuous as it's brave;
And its only war cry be,
  "Freedom! freedom to the slave!"

From your long debasing slumbers,
  Wake in energy serene;
And amongst your rallying numbers
  Let no traitor brow be seen:
Let no servile feud divide you
  In this man-exalting war,
But enlightened Reason guide you,
  And Instruction's rising star:
Let their rays illume your banner,
  As you crush beneath your feet
Every vestige of dishonour,
  Creed and custom obsolete;
Till, in glorious manhood free,
  Over feudal thraldom's grave
Your proud shouts triumphant be,—
  "Freedom! freedom to the slave!"

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THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

"The nineteenth century is essentially a century of Great Facts."
POLITICAL AXIOM.

JAREED THE RHYMER TO THOMAS THE PROSER.

DEAR Thomas, they say,—(but I deem the assertion
A palpably ignorant, spiteful aspersion,—
A scandalous libel, or falsehood at least,
Such as men oft devise who are barr'd from a feast,
For then you shall hear inuendo and sneer
Disparage alike both the host and his cheer)—
They say that this age—(how my righteous dander
Is riz, as friend Jonathan says, at the slander!)—
Hath turn'd out so selfish and working-day real,
As fairly to "pooh pooh" the poet's ideal;
Is so full of the cabbage plant *utile*, no room
There is for the violet *dulce* to bloom:
In short, is so bent on its wealth-getting ways,
That it heeds not, and hears not, the bard, or his lays;
And that minstrelsie's gentle inflections are drown'd
In the gush of the steam, and the loud clanging sound
Of the factory hammer. Moreover, they vow
That 'tis nonsense to look for the picturesque now,
When the traveller glides in the magical train,
Like a fiend-ferried wizard of old o'er the main;

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When, like Hecate, he has but to 'noint—not himself,—
But the palm of a first-class official with pelf,
Then whisper some far distant realm, and, behold!
He is off! he is there, ere the wish is well told!
This age not poetical? Bless their simplicity,—
Why, poetry permeates like electricity
The vast mental commonwealth rapidly through,
Exciting old feelings, or creating new
Sensations and passions, desires, aspirations,
As strange as the wonderful insect creations
Of great chymist Cross, whose exploits of the "pail"*
Takes the "shine" out of Frankenstein's obsolete tale.
Not poetical? 'Sdeath, I could swear—(were I prone
To language pertaining to high life alone)—
All manner of oaths, that the genius of metre
Was never ador'd with devotion completer;
Her marigold chaplet more worthily won
By each blue buskin'd daughter, and daughter-like son,
Than now. For example, dear Thomas, behold—
(And example is better than precept, we 're told)—
Yonder youthful philosopher, peering below
His grasshopper barnacles, mounted for shew;
Him I mean in the nondescript capote array'd,
And other etceteras of fashion display'd,

* "At a meeting of the Itinerant Philosophical Association, some years ago, a Mr Cross, amongst other astounding scientific revelations and chymical phenomena, gave an interesting detail of his discovery of insect creation. By the simple introduction of a current of the electric fire through a vat or pail of pure spring water, into which a little brick dust had been sprinkled, to the delight and astonishment of the experimentalest, a new and perfectly unexpected species of insect was produced. The philosopher hinted that his infant but sublime discovery, of the germination of worms, by dint of perseverance, would eventuate in the manufacture of the real Elixir Vite."—See Minutes of the Philosophical Association, September 18th, 185—Article CHYMISTRY.

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Such as bludgeon, cigar, French-toed boots, and the air
Defiled with the taint of his macassar'd hair :
Well, yonder young student, mature in his teens,
Writes critiques and reviews for the crack magazines
On Byron and Shelley, and modestly shows
How much they're improv'd by his version in prose :
He can prove the great Dramatist's rudeness of wit
For the age's pure moral politeness unfit ;
And the brightness of Swift over-dazzling and bold,
And the humour of Addison frigidly cold :
Or, with impotent flippancy, bitterly rail,
And, behind the imperial plural, assail
The deathless renown of that eloquent band,*
Before whose sepulchres unbonneted stand
All who earnestly, anxiously triumph to see
The long darken'd mind of the multitude free,
And, dashing its age-hammer'd chains to the ground,
Soar away like a long prison'd eagle unbound.
Then approaching more nearly our own hallow'd days,
How blandly he measures his elegant praise,
Condescends to embellish the genius of Scott
From his own sterile paddock of diction and plot,
And holds up his rushlight, as 'twere the bright sun
Of Fame that the monarch of fiction had won.

* The "band" here alluded to it is unnecessary to enumerate, much less to name. Sheridan, Burns, Washington, and Gibbon, the representatives and the possessors of the genius of oratory, poetry, patriotism, and philosophy, of the last century, expired at its close. How modern literary portrait-painters and magazine contributors have treated the memories of the illustrious dead, the "constant readers" of periodicals well know. Such "drawing their frailties from their dark abode," is well designated by the poet Moore, as "the marks that dullness ever leaves behind it, in its gothic irruptions into the sanctuary of departed genius, polluting what it has not the soul to reverence, and taking revenge for its own darkness, by the wanton profanation of all that is sacred in the eyes of others."

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Lends Bulwer the aid of his bilbo of lath,
Or carps at his moral with impotent wrath,
Or sketches his portrait on foolscap or satin
Note paper,—in English embroider'd with Latin,
And richly mosaic'd, inlaid, or indented
With quotations genuine or else—invented.
Not poetical? Why, besides critics in number,
As great as the supplicant legions that cumber
The doors where invitingly blazon'd appear
The announcement, "A young man as clerk wanted here;"
We have authors in thousands, of every age,
Condition, and sex; but on this humble page
I presume not their names to inscribe: what I print
I'll endeavour with all due conciseness to hint.
First, there's young country gentlemen scorning to wield
The flail in the barn, or set furrow in field,
Or such like ignoble pursuits as relate
To practical husbandry; wisely debate,
In ponderous tomes thick as any prize cheese,
Of that terrible scourge "the potato disease:"
Of reforming the rooks from their pilfering habits—
Of the physiological treatment of rabbits,
And more, which you'll find in a style less alarming
In the Encyclopedia, article—Farming.
Next, there 's young moral lawyers, who frequently pause
From proving the worst the most righteous cause,
To give to the public a novel "abounding
With wit irresistible—pathos astounding,"
As saith the advertisement, adding a name
That one day will crack the great tower-bell of Fame,

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When the world, with its wonted alacrity springing,
Some hundred years hence, to his praise sets it ringing.
We've a host, too, of juvenile whipsters in rhyme,
For whose labours I neither have paper nor time;
But you'll guess to what figure their census will go
By the 'pertinent answers of Reynolds and Co.
By whom many poor hapless youths of the kind
Are with cruel civility "thank'd, but declin'd."
By my laurels, I vow, and bethink myself here
I have unhors'd myself by my own reckless spear.
You remember, for you were my confident then,
When a lyrical rill trickl'd first from my pen,
How I ponder'd the theme, with difficulty fraught,
"What publisher first will I bless with the draught?"
Then, as that was the first of my fields, if, beside,
My interest had not better yield to my pride,
And the fee be return'd, which, of course, would be sent
With the Editor's grateful respects to the gent,
The gifted young author of "Lines to the moon,"
And a pressing request that "he'd write again soon."
Ah me! Tom, I deem'd my first metrical deeds,
Like the sparks that the rocket's refulgence precedes,
Would be hail'd by the crowd with a rapturous welcome,
As telling the full blaze of genius that shall come!
Oh horror!——But let me no longer digress,—
By my own let me estimate other's distress,
Their despair, as their rainbow-hued reveries fly
At an unfeeling Editor's damning reply.
There are old authors, too, deep involved in the mystery
Attending anonymous writers of history,
Political tales, novelettes, and romances,
Memoirs of themselves, throwing cursory glances

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Through age's green spectacles down the dim alley
Of years, on their frolics in youth's smiling valley.
I dont lift my cap to but two of this tribe,
And them I will briefly attempt to describe.
See yonder slips old Major Limberup forth
From B——k——d's, supported by Christopher North:
How he shrinks from the breeze so refreshing to others,
Whom torrid July with his burning breath smothers;
How closely he folds his thick paletot round,
Though others are walking with doublets unbound:
And whilst Fahrenheit, points eighty-five above zero,
How close he pulls down his cream colour'd sombrero,
To shade from the solstice his dry yellow brow,
Whilst Kit with bandana is swabbing his *pow*.*
Long the Major had swelter'd, "unnoticed, unknown,"
In India, 'till bronzed like a fakeer he'd grown;
But, whether in bungalow tiffining snugly,
Or beating the jungle on elephant ugly,
Or fighting the Company's righteous quarrels,
He gather'd more sicca rupees than green laurels;
With much gold,—but no glory, he threw up the game,
With some life, but no liver, to England he came;
And as on the pages of Maga he gazed,
His long suppressed *furor* of authorship blazed,
And the portals of Fame he beheld open wide,
Through the medium of twelve Indian legends supplied.
But see! who comes "larding the earth" from afar?
'Tis the joy of the hustings, the pride of the Bar,

* A sensitive grammarian may sneer at this expressive Scotticism: if so, the writer apologises, and pleads the exigency of the verse as his excuse for that offence, as well as for the application of such a homely phrase to the capital of one of the noblest Corinthian pillars in the Temple of Literature.

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The gay morning-star at a mid-day *dejune*,
The life of the banquet in midnight saloon,
The great Northern Falstaff; and if you insist
That a spade should be called just a spade, tho' in jest,
The great wit of the Bench, for the jokes will not hide
When the grave in the Temple of Justice preside,
And where legal wisdom is pondering serenest
He shoots of his quillets and quiddities keenest.
But yet, I confess, it delights me to own,
Though ever to side-shaking merriment prone,
No jaundiced malevolence lurks in his mirth,
'Gainst the brightest in honour, the humblest in birth:
No detraction exudes 'mong the pleasantries all,
Like a withering mildew on virtue to fall,
But good-natured wit, with its bright sunny rays,
Shines in all that the portly old gentleman says;—
I say portly, because, when he *sits*, twenty stone
Of a humourous judge makes the judgement-seat groan.
Well he loves to be laughed with—not at,—you may swear,
And when at his patent-preserves the folks stare,
Dont imagine he sees better over than through 'em,
For, as I live by bread, from the day I first knew 'im,
He went hoodwink'd thus: 'tis his pleasure that men
Should write him down purblind as owlet. What then?
'Tis a truth none gainsay, the eccentric are ever
Universally gifted, and learned, and clever.
At length, as a cloud veils the light of the sun,
As the bill of mine host checks the revellers' fun,—
As life's stern realities scatter youth's dreaming,
Or a watch dog's loud snarl might Bill Sykes's best scheming;—
As the fire-eating demagogue quails when he's told
That the crowd really think him a patriot bold,

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And that to his skill in loud talking and lying,
He means what he says about fighting and dying;—
As the light of experience, fatal to fictions,
Arose to a broad noonday glare of convictions,
'Mong the dupes of O'Connor, (despite his bravado,)
That a cold sterile desert was no Eldorado;—
Or as that arch jugg'ler, though slow to perceive
The wane of his eminent gifts,—to deceive,
Became overwhelm'd with the terrible doubt
That those dupes were less willing to pay than to shout;—
As one or all of these heart-crushing woes,
A doubt in the mind of Lord Rubicund rose,
That the pealing guffaw of a whole nation's laughter,
Was not the long swelling applause of hereafter:
Now, though, to be sure, it seem'd late in life's day
To plant for such vintage, or sow for such hay,
The comforting adage held hope still in view,
That 'tis better to do late, than never to do:
So away in a trice flew the merry "man mountain,"
By steam via Athens to Helicon fountain,
And there, by a pure Andersonian slight,
Was transformed from a tricksy, but corpulent wight,
To a sighing Leander, demure, sentimental,
In short, to a bard, of the class transcendental.

Now Tom, presupposing you've had the good breeding,
And patience besides, to peruse the preceding,
I won't in this instance cry, "Play out the play,"
Though "I've much more besides for this Falstaff to say,"
But I fear, as to seamen the petrel's broad pinion
Is ever of squal or of tempest the minion,
The appearance of songsters of his weight and feather
In poetry's atmosphere, omens foul weather.

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SONGS.

BONNY BLINKS THE GOWAN.

O BONNY blinks the gowan on Scotia's heath'ry lea,
And bravely does the thistle wave upon her hills sae free,
And sweetly doon ilk haunted glen the singing burnies glide
'Mang woods, beneath whase leafy shades a slave could never bide;
But nought to me were gowan gay, or thistle in its bloom,
Or woodshaws green, or heath'ry hill, or bow'r o' gowden broom,
Or a' the heart-ennobling joys that Liberty can gie,
If 'twerena that the lass lives there that lo'es nae lad but me.

I wadna tine my lassie's love for a' the warld's gear,
Nor a' the glittering ornaments ambition ha'ds sae dear;
And though they fain would wile me off where wealth is to be won,
'Mang myrtle groves and vine-clad fields, aneath a cloudless sun,

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Where I might gather countless hoards, and maybe
rank and fame;
I canna for sic sordid bribes forsake my ain auld hame,
For what were a' the happiness that gowd or glory gie,
If for their sake I tine the lass that lo'es nae lad but me?

Oh, brave he'll fight, frae stain and blight to save his
country's fame,
Whase breast to aid his patriot zeal burns wi' a lover's
flame;
And fearlessly his arm repels Oppression in its pride,
Wha draws his sword alike to guard his hearthstane
and his bride:
And, ere upon auld Scotia's shore a foreign foe should
land,
Or Freedom's chaplet lose ae leaf by the invader's hand,
I'd rather that my life-bluid dyed the gowan on her lea,
For oh, the bonny lass lives there that lo'es nae lad but
me.

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THE JOYS O' HAME.

WHAT maks our lowly hame sae sweet,
Our ingle glint sae cheery,
When winter's cauld, and snaw, and sleet,
Maks a' thereout sae dreary?
Oh, the kindly word, and the blithsome e'e,
And my Mary's sang sae cheery,
It's that maks hame a heav'n to me,
When a' thereout's sae dreary.

What maks my heart beat noo sae licht,
And life sae gay and cheery,
And me sae late a waefu' wight,
On the warld's waste heath sae dreary?
Oh, the glance o' love in my Mary's e'e,
When nicht fa's dark and eery,
And the kindly word that welcomes me,
It's that maks life sae cheery.

What is't gives toil a lichtsome charm,
That aince seem'd cruel slav'ry?
What fires my heart, and nerves my arm
Wi' unrepining bravery?
Oh, there's blossoms twa at our hearthstane,
And frae a' ills to save them,
The cauldest blast on hill or plain,
And the dreechest wark, I'd brave them.

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What noo has changed the sullen gloom
I had frae Fortune only,
And made the warld like summer's bloom,
Sae lately dark and lonely?
Oh, thae twa wee sproots at our hearthstane
Dispels a' former sadness,
And turns a cauldrife warld's disdain
To sunny mirth and gladness.

Nae gear, nor rank, nor name I hae,
Nor dream o' fame to bless me,
And 'mang the crowd I'll pass away,
And the warld will never miss me:
What then? twa todlers, young and fair,
Beside our hearthstane nestle,
And them to shield 'gainst toil and care,
And a' life's ills, I'll wrestle.

Though rough the path, and lang the way
To Fortune's golden summit,
I'll set a stout heart to the brae,
Though I should ne'er o'ercome it;
For still my Mary's blithesome sang,
And leal true heart will stay me,
And ne'er shall disappointment's pang
Dishearten or dismay me.

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LIZZIE AND ME.

The soger may brag o' his feats i' the wars,
Bedeck'd wi' his trophies and fine jewelled stars,
And vow nane but Glory his mistress shall be,
E'en let him, what's that to my Lizzie and me?
My Lizzie and me, my Lizzie and me,
For we lo'e but ilk ither, my Lizzie and me.

They may sing o' their princes and nobles sae gay,
And their fine courtly dames in their silken array,
And boast that nane fairer or richer can be;
E'en let them, what's that to my Lizzie and me?
My Lizzie and me, my Lizzie and me,
For we care na for siller, my Lizzie and me.

Oh, the warld has na place in its circuit sae wide
That could wile me away, or entice me to bide,
And life has nae pleasure could tempt me to flee
From the dear happy hame o' my Lizzie and me:
My Lizzie and me, my Lizzie and me,
For we've aye been contented, my Lizzie and me.

My sheep are my subjects, my kingdom the brae,
And my throne is the rock where the free breezes play,
And yon cot snugly screen'd by the auld beechen tree,
Is the ha', house, and castle o' Lizzie and me:
My Lizzie and me, my Lizzie and me,
Though we're auld, we're like bairns yet, my Lizzie and me.

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OUR AIN AULD HAMES.

Though blithsome is the feast o' the great and the braw,
And sparkling is the wine i' the rich man's ha',
But their fine banquet cheer, and their wine like the flames,
We envy them not, in our ain auld hames.
We wantna to join in their wassail cheer,
We heedna their state, nor their hoards o' gear,
But our hearts beat high wi' affection's claims
For the lownd firesides o' our ain auld hames:
Then a sang loud and lang to our ain auld hames,
Where the sweet sunny smile o' our canty dames,
Like the light o' the spring to the bird on the wing,
Sheds content, love, and peace, on our ain auld hames.

How delightfu' it is when the cauld day is o'er,
And the hand o' love on the blast shuts the door,
In quiet and calm to enliven our frame,
By the clear fire-gleam o' our ain auld hame;
To crack wi' a friend the lang nicht away,
Or list to some lichtsome or langsyne lay,
Or join in the mirth o' the bairns at their games,
Is the joy o' a' joys, in our ain auld hames.
Then a sang loud and lang, &c.

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Though splendour and pow'r bars the proud one's gate,
And thousands o' swords on the despot wait,
What's the tyrant wi' his guards, or the lord wi' his train,
To the true heart that toils for his auld hearthstane?
He can dauntless face Misfortune's gloom,
He can bravely meet his lowly doom,
Wha manfully strives baith to shield and sustain
The young hearts that laugh at his ain hearthstane,
Then a sang loud and lang, &c.

May the star of Peace, wi' its rays divine
And its angel-smile, on ilk rooftree shine,
And ne'er may Vice o'ercloud wi' pain
The bliss o' Industry's auld hearthstane:
And there's hope in the world for the poor man yet;
Whilst we've life we'll ne'er let its star-light set,
Nane but slaves e'er despair, nane but cowards refrain
To fight to the last for their auld hearthstane.
Then a sang loud and lang to our ain auld hames,
Where the sweet sunny smile o' our canty dames,
Like the light o' the spring to the bird on the wing,
Sheds content, love, and peace, on our ain auld hames.

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THE EXILED.

Weary and sad by the verge of the ocean,
At evening the banish'd one gloomily stood
Pond'ring his fate, and his bosom's emotion
Still turn'd to his home far away o'er the flood;
That home where as bright as the young summer's tresses,
The rose-colour'd dawn of existence had shone,—
That home still belov'd midst the keenest distresses,
Though all its endearments, like shadows, were gone.

Now deserted, alone, amidst strangers unnoted,
No kind greeting falls on his desolate ear,
To life-long despair and dejection devoted,
The past all regret, and the future all drear,
Ambition lies low 'mong his heart-ruins shaded,
Glory has perish'd in liberty's blight,
And, leaflet and stem, all his high hopes have faded,
Obscured in the gloom of captivity's night.

"Oh my country," he cried, "though in fetters you bound me,
And flung me away, like a weed on the main,
Ev'n with all the vile emblems of bondage around me,
My heart does its home-love untainted retain:

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Though treachery, veil'd 'neath a brother's profession,
Dimm'd all the lustre of life's rising star,
And falsehood betray'd me to cruel oppression,
And the land I had bled for expell'd me afar;

"Still, soil of my fathers! my memory loves thee;
Still are you breathed in your castaway's pray'r;
Yes, though my fate an ungrateful one proves thee,
My lone heart still loves thee amidst its despair.
I envy these winds, that may soon kiss thy mountains,
These birds, that their wings on thy meadows may rest,
These stars, that will glitter and glance on thy fountains,
And the dead, that will sleep 'neath thy greensward at last!"

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A SPRING MADRIGAL.

Glory to thee, fair May! Once again springing,
All thy young buds from their slumbers arise,
Whilst o'er the woodlands the merry chimes ringing,
Hail every flower as it opens its eyes.
Hark to the murmuring stream, like sound in minstrel's dream!
List to the hymn of the breeze on the lea!
High over down and dell, Nature's glad chorus swell!
Glory to thee, fair May! glory to thee!

Glory to thee, fair May! Heaven's message bearing
On every rose leaf in beauty and bloom,
Telling the lonely heart Summer is nearing,
To calm its lamentings, its darkness illume.
List to the trampled down, under stern Winter's frown,
Carolling blithely a strain of the free,
Herald of Summer's reign, welcome to earth again!
Glory to thee, fair May! glory to thee!

Glory to thee, fair May! Warm is thy beaming,
Ev'n in the hovel where poverty sleeps,
And with thy rays divine, Hope's halo streaming
Shines through the bars where the pale captive weeps.

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Bright as a smile of love, glancing from heav'n above,
Far gleams thy lustre lights, boundless and free,
In the pent city's throng, as in green holmes among,
Glory to thee, fair May ! glory to thee !

Glory to thee, fair May ! evermore glory,
When, on the heath clad hill, low in the dale,
Echoes the music of poetry's story,
Swells high the glad notes of minstrelsie's tale;
Whilst beneath blossom'd screen fond lovers glide unseen,
Warbling their innocent jubilant glee,
Who dares with deed profane, earth's lovely bosom stain ?
Glory to thee, fair May ! glory to thee !

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THE RIFLE GREY.

Should Invasion's dusky haze
E'er enshroud our Northern shore,
And our beacons all a-blaze,
Flash indignant as of yore;
Let the fight be e'er so keen,
In their trim but firm array,
Not a wav'rer will be seen
'Neath his garb of Rifle grey.

By their wild ambition led,
Or for plunder or revenge,
Should a foe's detested tread
To our country's margin range,
At the rousing trumpet's sound,
To wipe the stain away,
Not a laggard will be found
'Neath the garb of Rifle grey.

We ask no hireling's aid,
No purchas'd bands enroll'd,
Nor bravo Switzer's blade,
To Czar or Pontiff sold;

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To her gallant sons alone,
In their unbought patriot zeal,
Will our own old Caledon
Trust her honour and her weal.

She seeks no conscript hordes,
From home affections riven,
With forced inglorious swords
At despot's mandate driven:
No! in freedom's boldest mood,
Priceless as the sunbeam's flame,
Stand a fearless brotherhood,
To uphold her ancient fame!

Let the soulless Austrian slave,
The scourge and batoon feel,
And 'gainst the free and brave
Weild their ignominious steel:
Scottish hearts obey no call
Save their home-love's potent swell,
To shield from foreign thrall
The land they love so well!

Then to the beaker's edge
Fill to the brave and free,
And the health and honour pledge
Of the League from sea to sea!
For in Freedom's boldest mood,
In their trim but firm array,
Stand a fearless brotherhood
In their garb of Rifle grey.

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COME, IF THEY DARE!

Far and wide through all the nation
Sounds the patriot's gathering song,
And bold notes of preparation
Pour their cadence loud and strong:
Rifles flash, and swords are gleaming,
On the mountain and the plain,
And the city densely teeming,
Swells the proud resounding strain.

Chorus:

Then of prize or spoil, on our Northern soil,
What will the invaders share?
A ball in each brain, and his length on the plain:
Then let them come, if they dare!

What though no proud sail scours the deep,
To meet the foe's design,
Nor yet protecting cruisers sweep
To guard our seaboard line?
Around each firth and rocky strand
A dauntless host appears,

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To shield and save their well lov'd land,—
Old Scotia's Volunteers!

Chorus:

Then of prize or spoil, on our Northern soil,
What will the invaders share?
A ball in each brain, and his length on the plain:
Then let them come, if they dare!

As the eagle for his eyrie fights
Against the plunderer's hand,
Alone for Scotland's weal and rights,
They draw the patriot's brand:
For defence,—aye, and defiance!—
Should the foeman seek our strand,
We will die in stern alliance,
To the last man in the land!

Chorus:

Then of prize or spoil, on our Northern soil,
What will the invaders share?
A ball in each brain, and his length on the plain:
Then let them come, if they dare!

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THE VALEDICTION.

Now, world of woe and wailing,
Though thy mocking hopes are failing,
Like the stars at morning paling,
All their dewy lustre gone:
Though I long have borne the smarting
Of thy keenest arrows' darting,
You shall not, at our parting,
Hear reproach or angry tone!

Oh! you know, though long a-weary
Of thy wilderness all dreary,
Where, dejected and uncheery,
A sad pilgrim I have been!
I blamed thee not, Old Mother,
When some less deserving brother,
In thy caprice, you would smother
With thy gifts of golden sheen.

Though my heart hath long been peaceless,
And Fate's storms relentless, ceaseless,
Still augmenting, not decreaseless,
Fell on my unguarded brow;

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You can't afflict me longer
With misfortune, want, and hunger;
Then we'll not part in anger,—
I forgive thee, harsh one, now.

Yet I was not always weeping
O'er my sorrows! There came creeping
Dreams and visions, gently steeping
All in dewy reverie;
And sounding thoughts came pealing,
Like Devotion's music stealing
O'er the silver chords of feeling,
When the heart from sin is free!

And hours with rapture painted
Came, like visions of the sainted,
And I saw, with vice untainted,
Man in brightness tread the scene;
As if ruffian force defiling,
Or the serpent Falsehood's smiling,
Or the demon Hate's reviling,
Had not foster'd anguish keen.

Oh! fondly I have drained then,
The blissful draught that rain'd then,
Freely, gladly, unconstrain'd then,
As if I ne'er had found
That dark ignorance and folly,
Leagued with practices unholy,
Were exiling Virtue wholly
From thy crime-incrusted ground!

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But 'tis over! all is over!
Grief-fraught clouds no longer hover,
And with fretful shadows cover
  The vast future from my view:
With thy stormy waves subsiding,
And life's bark thy last surge riding,
You shall hear no angry chiding
  In my last and long adieu!

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